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Contents

The Week 245

Editorials

Dictating to the Future 247
Victims of the Machine 249
Can Radio Be Rescued? 251

General Articles

The Revolution in Mexico ..... Carleton Beals 253
McAndrew Follows Scopes .... Robert Morss Lovett 256
Isadora ..... Shaemas O'Sheel 258
The Flying Fool ..... Bruce Bliven 260
Races ..... Stark Young 261
At the Sign of the Balance (verse) ..... Babette Deutsch 262
True to the Medium ..... Louise Bogan 263

Correspondence 264

Reviews of Books

A Death in the Desert ..... R. M. L. 266
Sons of the "Grim Stepmother" .... Lyman Bryson 267
New Poems by Joyce ..... E. W. 268
The Architect of Italy ..... James Truslow Adams 268
Recent Fiction 269

The Week

SENATOR Reed of Missouri has, more than any other Democratic member of Congress, a valid claim for consideration as the presidential nominee of his party. He alone has of late years waged some kind of aggressive warfare against the Republicans. He is the only Democrat in Congress who has behaved as if the Democratic party was a national body which existed for the purpose of discrediting Republicanism and providing a substitute for it. He deserves, consequently, the support of his own party, but only on the supposition that its members do not care whether they win or not. He has none of the personal popularity in the large cities of the East which is Governor Smith's great and peculiar asset. The Republicans can win without New York and New Jersey, but the Democrats cannot. Senator Reed would put up an interesting fight for the presidency—more so, possibly, than Governor Smith. He is an effective agitator and campaigner, and he would make good use of the many public scandals for which Republican government is responsible. In fact, he is quite the best losing candidate whom the Democrats could nominate. They might *feel* more like a real party after they lost with him than they would after they had lost or even won with any other nominee. But we doubt whether they will ever *be* a real party again—not at least without a reorganization which would amount to a complete transformation. Senator Reed derives from his traditional Democracy both his limited strength and his fatal weakness.

THE Senator from Missouri's claims are entirely personal, and they would prove attractive to other Democrats rather than to voters who considered themselves independent or Republican. He has always been an intense and a narrow partisan who excelled among the American politicians of today in his ability to use vituperation and invective against his opponents. He represents nothing vital or positive or fertile in American political and social life. The platform on which he is running is merely a collection of hoary phrases out of the traditional Democratic copy-book. He repeats the usual cant about the danger of centralization which all Democrats repeat in trying to get elected to office and ignore after election. He condemns all attempts "to inject into our government paternalistic, socialistic and regulatory schemes" as "dangerous" and possibly "fatal." Yet in the same speech he "demands that the government shall in all proper ways assist in the development of the natural resources of the land; that it shall immediately devise and execute a plan to control our great inland waters, harness their power, develop the arid lands and so on." He is perfectly willing for the government to be as paternalistic as it pleases for the benefit of the people of his own part of the country. The whole speech did not contain any more indication of an alert, inquiring and candid intelligence than would a speech of President Coolidge's.

IT IS welcome news that a group of progressive Senators in Washington have started an informal organization for the purpose of advancing pro-

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gressive causes during the coming session of Congress. The progressives will hold the balance of power in the Senate, and they will be in a position either to pass legislation with the help of the Democrats or to defeat it unless the Democrats combine with the Republicans. They will have several opportunities to further progressive legislation or to frustrate its opposite. There will, for instance, be an aggressive attempt in the legislation which reduces taxes to do away entirely with the federal inheritance tax. It deserves to be beaten, and it will need a good deal of beating, for it can count upon considerable Democratic support. But the progressive group will have its most important task to perform in relation to water power. The proposed congressional committee to investigate super-power should be equipped with sufficient authority, sufficient money and a comprehensive program; and it is up to them to take care that the scope of the inquiry is not limited and its spearhead is not blunted. They should be able also to defeat any legislation which turns the power which is generated at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam over to private companies to be disposed of in obedience to their own interests. Activities of this kind will enable them to advertise that progressivism still exists, if not in the form of an organized and independent party, at least as a corrective force in Republican and Democratic legislation.

FOR analogous reasons, it is welcome news that Senator Norris is to be entered as candidate for the Republican nomination in all western states that hold presidential primaries. Senator Norris is himself a singularly disinterested, independent and impressive spokesman of progressivism. He represents the western progressive point of view in its most national and least sectional aspect. If it were possible to offer himself as a presidential candidate, more progressives would have more reason to vote for him than for any other nominee. But, of course, he will be a candidate only for the nomination, and the group who are presenting his name to the voters in the primaries do not harbor any intention of subsequently running him as an independent candidate. Their object in giving the primary voters a chance to send Norris delegates to the national convention is obvious. A block of three or four-score progressive Republicans might be sufficient to swing the nomination to the more progressive of the several regular Republican candidates. In throwing Senator Norris' hat in the ring, the progressives are playing for position, which, in the present lethargic condition of American public opinion, is the best that they can do.

THE Mexican revolution appears to have been crushed. It is difficult to form a clear picture of what has happened, since reports from both sides are colored by a propaganda purpose; but it may safely be said that such a revolt as this must succeed in its first fortnight or not at all; and that the critical point found the rebel forces crushed and scattered, most of their leaders captured and a number executed. It may be taken for granted that Obregon will be elected President next year, and that, barring accidents, Calles will succeed him again, under the new statute which permits one man to serve a maximum of two terms as President, though not consecutively. As Mr. Beals points out in an article in this issue, the revolt was supposedly against this reëlection law; but it may safely be asserted that this was mere pretense. The same forces undoubtedly backed Gomez and Serrano that once backed the dictator, Diaz: the Catholic Church, the landlords and, in all probability, the foreign capitalists. For such a revolution to be successful would, in our judgment, be a major tragedy in the history of Mexico, which already lists so many tragic episodes.

FOR several years, Mussolini has been making desperate attempts to win the favor of the Vatican. Though once an atheist, he has recently conformed to all the laws of the Church, and required his lieutenants to do the same. But the Vatican, which has seen dictators come and go, was not to be hurried into any rash entente. It now suggests, in the columns of the official organ, the Osservatore Romano, that if the dictator really wants to please the Church, he should restore the Pope's secular authority, by creating a new Papal state. Presumably, what is meant is really a handsome private estate of a few square miles, perhaps with a shoestring extension to the sea-shore; the Vatican is too shrewd not to know that anything more elaborate would bring a roar of protest from all over the world. Even this suggestion is, in our judgment, likely to cost the Church more than can be gained from it. If it became a reality, it would rekindle the dying fires of the Ku Klux Klan in America and provoke similar agitation in other lands. Unless the object of the proposal has been to embarrass Mussolini publicly and thus put an end to his overtures, it must be concluded that the Vatican has for once indulged in a piece of sentimentality. And that is a luxury which the Church can never afford.

THE mopping up after the oil scandals still continues. One of the most important cases, the criminal trial of former Secretary Fall and Harry F. Sinclair for conspiracy to defraud the government, began last Monday in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. One week earlier, the United States Supreme Court had declared the Teapot Dome lease void, and ordered the property returned to the government. It had previously done the same in regard to Doheny's Elk Hills lease. Two other important cases are still pending. One is Sinclair's appeal from his jail sentence of two months for contempt of the Senate, in refusing to

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answer questions put to him by the Walsh committee. The other is the trial of the Dohenys, father and son, and Fall, on the charge of giving and receiving a bribe. A seventh case growing out of the oil scandals has been settled. Fall and Doheny, tried ten months ago as Fall and Sinclair are being tried this week, were acquitted by a District of Columbia jury.

THE Supreme Court, in cancelling the Teapot Dome lease, did not mince words. First pointing out that the transfer of oil reserves to the Interior Department was illegal in any case, and the lease therefore void, it goes on to answer the question, "Was there corruption?" with an emphatic "Yes." Of Fall, it says that "the inference . . . that he was willing to conspire against the public interest . . . is confirmed by his conduct." Statements of Fall and Sinclair that the lease was to prevent drainage of oil "were made in bad faith." "The clandestine and unexplained acquisition of these bonds by Fall confirms the belief, generated by other circumstances, that he was a faithless public officer." The condemnation by the court could hardly have been any more explicit.

JUDGE Schoonmaker's injunction in Western Pennsylvania against the striking miners presses one step further the aid which the courts seem so ready to extend to employers in their effort to destroy unions or prevent their growth. Such injunctions probably sound reasonable to the uninformed public, because they forbid, among other things, violence and intimidation. It should be remembered, however, that injunctions are issued, without trial, on *ex parte* affidavits of the employer, and consequently that many of the acts forbidden may never have occurred or been threatened. The injunctions usually go on to forbid other practices which are harmless to public peace and essential to the conduct of a strike. In this case the union is forbidden from helping the strikers to pay their rent or offer legal opposition to eviction. Pickets may not enter company property—and whole mining towns are company property. The action of pickets is so restricted that strike-breakers may be brought in without offering the pickets any opportunity even to persuade them. What is new about this injunction, moreover, is the introduction of the principle that the action is justified because a coal strike constitutes an interference with interstate commerce. This is contrary to the doctrine stated by the Supreme Court in the Coronado case and others, and, unless a more detailed study of very recent decisions of the Court shows that it has reversed its opinion on this point, is as bad law as it is bad social policy. If any strike in the production of a commodity that is sold across state lines is illegal because of the anti-trust laws, then economic slavery is indeed firmly fastened on the workers of the United States.

Dictating to the Future

Sir: That is an interesting editorial in which you confess the impotence of the liberals to influence American public affairs. You ask what they can do, and here is an answer: Nothing. The class struggle is on, and the day of the liberals is past. The "socially important mediating minds," as you so naïvely call them, have all taken their stations alongside their pocketbooks; and from now on they mean, not merely to fingerprint all the wops and hang all the anarchists, but to crack the skulls of all the young intelligentsia who try to use the streets for purposes of social protest. And so that is that; and all you can do is to tell about it, and my guess is they won't let you do that very much longer.

All this with sincere respect and gratitude for your truth-telling. But it would be a poor return for me or any other explorer of the class struggle not to tell you the truth.

MILITANT SOCIALIST.

Long Beach, California.

IT IS scarcely necessary to say that the New Republic does not agree with its correspondent's interpretation of the admitted impotence of a practically united liberal opinion in the United States to obtain a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. The liberals can do something about the matter, and they may. It is doubtful how far the class struggle is on, and the day of the liberals, taking the word to mean those Americans who wish to infuse an alert and inquisitive conscience into the conduct of social and individual life, is not past, unless they themselves consent and contribute to its passage. It has not properly begun. No doubt, in the event of another war or any considerable social disorder in which this country is engaged, liberals who wish to keep out of jail without compromise may have to watch their step. The police departments of both the local and central governments are now accustomed to treat those who express certain classes of unpopular opinion as criminals. Respectable people throughout the land who virtuously mind their own business will, at least for a while, connive at this class violence under the form of law. There is still to be recorded a case in which the illegal brutality of a police officer has been punished. Regular public opinion is more than ever disposed to accept the decision or the word of the official, who shelters himself behind the alleged safety of the State, as the voice of God. But this defect in American government and in the prevailing attitude toward it is not as irremediable as our correspondent implies. In declaring so jubilantly that the class struggle is on, he is jumping to a romantically melodramatic conclusion for which he can allege as yet no sufficient justification in the facts of contemporary American life.

By the class struggle he means substantially what Karl Marx meant by the same phrase. Presumably he would not state the theory just as Marx stated it seventy-five years ago, but from the phrasing of his

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letter he is apparently reaffirming, in relation to the United States of today, the chief thesis of the Marxian social philosophy, viz., that the development of a capitalist economy involves a life and death struggle between two classes, that of the possessors and that of the dispossessed, for which the only cure is revolution. Liberals can do nothing to forestall, to evade or to mitigate the conflict. It they were capable of thinking straight, they would recognize its inevitability. They would abandon any attempt to bring about the reign of reason and conscience in human affairs, until revolution and, if necessary, the temporary dictatorship of the dispossessed, had uprooted the selfish motivation which dominates and poisons capitalist social economy. This is the "truth" and our correspondent knows all about it. He is "telling" it to the benighted liberals. The one way in which they can prove their intelligence is by bowing to the Word and acting on its dictates. He is urging all those who wish to humanize American capitalist economy to accept the tendency toward violence of the governing class as irrevocable and to fight hatred with hatred and violence with violence. Otherwise they will degenerate into the impotent spectators and victims of a struggle which they can neither prevent nor mediate.

This doctrine and program is really an exclamation of defiance, and the answer to it is a question mark. Liberals are not presented with a doom but with a choice. Our socialist correspondent calls upon them to contribute to their own extermination as liberals on the pretext of its inevitability, but they are not obliged on the evidence to accept the finality of this verdict. Neither he nor they can do more than guess at the future development of American capitalist economy. It may progress or degenerate along one of a number of routes. If human beings are to act as if they had a future different from the present, this future must exist for the present in the form of several possibilities, and these possibilities must also, from the point of view of the present, assume the form of real and immediate choices, which, if the choosers act on them intelligently, may have some tendency to realize their objects. The class-conscious capitalist chooses to behave as if everybody who radically questions the social desirability of his present power is an enemy of society and deserves to be forcibly suppressed. His militant socialist opponent admits to being an enemy of society, as it is now constituted, and invites or dares his class antagonists to suppress him. He prefers to believe that capitalist economy cannot be reformed without being destroyed. In fact, it is the irreconcilability of his attack on capitalism which is in part responsible for the violence of its defenders. But both of them propose to realize certain assumed but unknown possibilities for the future of society by insisting upon the finality of an immediate decision. They are by their behavior at once affirming a choice and denying that any choice, except the one which they prefer, really exists.

Liberals, on the other hand, are obliged to assume that in exercising a choice they are not binding the future, but are merely experimenting with the realization of one of the several possibilities. They have not, indeed, always acted on this obligation. Many of the early liberals assumed also that, while society had a future, they knew in certain essential respects how it would behave and that they could "tell" other people "the truth" about it. But of late years liberals have been acquiring a better understanding of the implications of the effort to liberate mankind. Liberalism has come increasingly to mean an attitude toward human fulfillment which keeps genuine possibilities open and which, consequently, avoids dogmatic prophecy as it would the ultimate sin. If fulfillment is possible for individual and social life, the human mind must testify to the reality of its assumed future by refusing to travel on a single track. All valid choices are experimental. The choice by which it is saved is to keep on choosing. It must learn how to choose often and well. Its belief in its own choices must be sufficiently robust to submit them constantly to cross-examination and verification. Its characteristic activity is curiosity. Only by the practice of unscrupulous and methodical curiosity can it look disinterestedly on the results of its past choices and emancipate itself from the disposition to be complacent about their operation. Liberalism in this sense is only the contemporary expression of the fundamental passion of the human mind and conscience.

A refusal to believe in the inevitability of an irreconcilable class struggle and in the extinction of liberalism is not equivalent, however, to denying the possibility of a conditional class struggle in the United States. On the contrary, it may be true, as our correspondent declares, that an essentially illiberal conflict among the classes of American society is beginning or impending. It would be as inconsistent and suicidal for liberals to behave as if the prediction of such a conflict in America could not prove to be true as it would be for them to behave as if it could not prove to be false. The temper of the dominant class of business men in America and that of their parasites and apologists in other classes is dangerously domineering and self-righteous and, if moderate public opinion should continue to connive at this intolerant self-righteousness, the arbitrary class government, which now prevails in Russia, Italy and Mexico, may have its analogue in the United States. It is just as much the business of liberals to contemplate this possibility and place some estimate on its probability as it is for them to repudiate its certainty. If they do not admit the existence of the threat and understand its seriousness, they will never pull themselves together sufficiently to make headway against it.

The lesson of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and of the attitude of the police, the courts,

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and respectable public opinion in this and other analogous cases is, it seems to us, in this respect, perfectly clear. There is a real, if not an imminent prospect of frankly violent class government in the United States. It will become imminent just as soon as, from any cause, the 100 percent patriots can plausibly allege that public safety requires the suppression of criticism. If it comes to an explosion, American fascism will be more injurious to the integrity of American national life than Communism in Russia or Fascism in Italy have been to the integrity of Russian or Italian national life. For it will imply the hypocritical disloyalty of the governing class in this country to an ideal which is explicit in the Constitution and which has always loomed large in American national consciousness. Russia has never known a liberal policy. In Italy, liberalism identified itself with government by a particular group of politicians, and it shared the discredit which the Italian people fastened on that group after its bankruptcy. But the United States was born liberal. It was the first national state whose founders set up an operating balance in the law and government between liberty and authority and so sought to prevent class struggles from becoming irreconcilable. In spite of the prestige of this tradition, it is questionable now whether this balance will continue to operate. The effective public opinion of the country is discouragingly complacent about abuses of authority. More and more it follows the lead of people in important administrative positions who subordinate opinions about public questions to the needs of their business activities. Americans are likely to wake up some morning and find that the liberty of expression which their fathers valued so highly is buried in a common grave with the aspiration after economic independence and equality of the early American pioneer.

The existence of this threat should not, however, as our correspondent urges, induce liberals to renounce liberalism and borrow their tactics from its enemies. They should take it rather as a pressing invitation to consider, more radically and anxiously than they have been accustomed to consider, what they can do in the presence of such a threat, to vindicate their own interest in an undictated future for themselves and their country. If they are candid, they cannot help admitting that, no matter how much more enlightened their philosophy may be than that of the authoritarians either of regularity or of revolt, these latter dispose of a much more effective method of acting on their opinions. Reactionary and revolutionist both are expert in breeding fear, hatred, arrogance, intolerance, impatience and the disposition to violence in the classes which listen to them. But the liberals are comparatively clumsy in propagating toleration, confidence, patience, inquisitiveness, understanding, humility and human kindness either in the minds of other people or in their own minds. They have taken liberalism to be a doctrine or a program instead of a discipline. They have beguiled themselves into believing that in a democracy like the United States, with a free press, representative government, popular elections and constitutional bills of rights, public opinion would be guided by intelligence and knowledge, and public policy by humane motives. They are now obliged to face the fact that a society with liberal institutions is not exempt from being torn to pieces by the concentration of too much political and social authority in the hands of an illiberal class. Unless they recognize this danger and search for a better method of realizing the liberal faith in a humane world of unpredicted and unfulfilled possibilities, they may suffer, at least temporarily, from the doom which our correspondent so confidently foresees.

Victims of the Machine

A PUBLICITY agent for one of the large electrical companies the other day attracted much attention by the announcement of a "mechanical man" which, responding to various notes of sound, would answer a telephone call, give information or execute an order, and hang up. Doubtless the story gave rise to reflections on Frankenstein, or the Robots of R. U. R., and stimulated thought on the relationship of man to automatic machinery. Yet the relationship in this case was limited—in its economic importance—to the fact that the machine could displace one or two workmen. In this sense, every new automatic machine is a "mechanical man," and many mechanical men are introduced into industry every day which can replace, not one, but a score or more of flesh and blood workers.

The natural response of labor to such innovations is hostile. When power looms were first used in the textile industry, the weavers rioted and smashed them. Unemployment was widespread; misery and starvation crept over the thresholds of the workers' families. Since those days, mechanical invention and improvement has become an everyday matter. Economists have lectured labor on the short-sightedness of opposition to devices which, through augmenting man's productive power, are capable in the long run of enriching everybody. Unions themselves have discovered by bitter experience the futility of trying to bar out new inventions. Official labor has gradually been converted to hospitality, and even encouragement, toward higher productivity. And yet the old response remains, under the surface, and the old problem still arises. Hundreds of skilled and semi-skilled craftsmen today face the encroachment of the machine upon their means of livelihood. Whatever may be the benefits of machinery in the long run, it may and frequently does throw workmen out of their jobs, at least for periods sufficiently long to cause great hardship.

Are we coping with this problem at the present time? The index of factory employment issued by

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the Federal Reserve Board shows a steady tendency toward diminished employment in the recent years of high and increasing productivity. This tendency was marked even before there was any falling off in the indices of output itself. The diminished buying power on the part of factory workers which it probably caused—in spite of slightly higher wages received by those who were still at work—may have been one of the reasons for the recent slowing up in the demand for products. Now that production itself is slackening, more unemployment results, and a vicious circle is begun. At present, the factories appear to be employing about 10 percent fewer operatives than they did in 1919.

What has become of those struck off the factory pay-rolls? It has been suggested that perhaps in large part they are old people, wives and children, who are now supported by the more capable members of the family still at work. If so, the standard of living of the wage-earners as a whole has been falling in recent months, since the total pay-roll has been diminishing, as well as the number at work. Another theory is that, as factories dispense with wage-earners, they drift off into other occupations. But where do they drift? Not on to the railroads or into the mines, since employment in these two occupations has been decreasing also. Not to the farms, because, as we all know, the farm population has been declining. The construction trades, which are still to a large extent skilled handicrafts, cannot have absorbed many of those set adrift. And it can hardly be asserted seriously that they have found room as salesmen, advertisers or employees of stores and merchandising concerns. Reports from various sources indicate that there is a large and growing number of genuinely unemployed. The fact is that we have no reliable figures on unemployment, and therefore do not know what happens to the victims of the machine. And we have no unemployment figures because we have no comprehensive system of labor exchanges to register them and find employment for them if possible. Nor have we mitigated any of the hardships of those out of work because, nationally, we have not adopted any system of unemployment insurance, or any comprehensive remedies for the lack of jobs.

Powerful and progressive unions which exercise a large measure of control in their respective industries have visualized the problem of the machine and shown how to solve it in a comprehensive way. They permit the introduction of new devices—with certain restrictions which safeguard the workers and so tend to benefit the whole community. When a machine is introduced, the pay of the operative is not decreased; and as the productivity and prosperity of the industry grow, the workers share in the growth through wage advances. That tends to sustain the workers' buying power and so to keep all industries busy. The machines are not allowed to be introduced so rapidly as to create marked unemployment; it is expected that the natural growth of the industry, stimulated by the addition to efficiency which the machine constitutes, will take care of the workers already displaced before the numbers of the unemployed are enlarged. There are well administered labor exchanges to find jobs for the workers and workers for the jobs. Finally, the unavoidable margin of unemployed is kept from destitution by unemployment compensation charged against the industry as a whole.

Labor generally, however, has no such protection. The A. F. of L. unions have endorsed the policy of seeking higher wages as productivity grows; but the increases in wages are not always forthcoming, either to their members or to the unorganized. There are, furthermore, no general system of employment exchanges and no widespread system of unemployment insurance. Labor has seen the light as to the larger meaning of increased productivity; it has officially abandoned opposition to new machinery and better methods. But neither the management of industry nor the political government which it controls has taken the first step toward mitigating or alleviating the temporary unemployment which an increase of productivity may cause. In fact, the owners and managers of industry have bitterly opposed all suggestions of the kind.

This is a grievance of the first order, which labor holds, and is entitled to hold, against the existing regime in the United States. The prophets of the American brand of capitalism exult almost indecently concerning our prosperity, and its bases in productive competence and "fair treatment" of the wage-earner. But they have yet to show the slightest sign of making good on their half of the bargain. It is easy to urge and to accept labor's cooperation in production, for increased productivity helps profits more quickly and more surely than it does wages. Yet, because public employment exchanges may increase labor's bargaining power, and because unemployment insurance may, for the time being, cost something, management will not hear of them—with scattering and creditable exceptions. Why does not Herbert Hoover or some other accredited leader of the intelligent business executives who aspire to more stabilized and efficient practices recognize this great lack and pledge, at least, a first step toward supplying it? Some time we may easily have another crisis of unemployment, accompanied, as such crises almost invariably are, by "overproduction." What will the rulers of industry then answer to labor if labor should say: "We have helped you to produce more and ever more; we have cast no obstacles in your way; and yet you have done nothing to prevent or alleviate the misery of unemployment which the larger production has caused"? What will be the end of labor's coöperation, if capital fails to extend this vital measure of coöperation in return?

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Can Radio Be Rescued?

A FEW years ago, great promises were being made as to the social usefulness of radio broadcasting. We were told that it would supplement, perhaps even supplant the newspaper; that our school system would be revolutionized through its use; that new "universities of the air" would give a fresh meaning to adult education. None of these expectations has been fulfilled. Journalism has neither been supplanted nor, in any strict sense, supplemented. Instead of curtailing the sales of newspapers, the radio has increased them. Only a few spectacular events, such as Lindbergh's homecoming, or a championship fight, have been found suitable for aerial reporting, and the millions who listen to stories of these happenings through the loud-speaker seem doubly eager to have the auditory impression confirmed by cold type. Market quotations are read daily at stated hours, and are said to be useful to farmers, and while transatlantic flights are in progress, the radio renders a service by its half-hourly reports that "there is no news"; conceivably, it might speed up the dissemination of bulletins in another case like that in 1923 when President Harding lay dying in San Francisco. But its weaknesses as a news agency are now apparent. One cannot select the items of special interest to himself, as he can with the newspaper; one must take it all, in the order the broadcaster selects, and at the time he selects. Nothing can be "clipped and filed for future reference"; if you do not catch its significance at the moment it is uttered, it is lost. The reportorial aspect of radio also suffers because it has to be impromptu. Mr. Graham MacNamee and his *confrères* work valiantly and with great skill, when they report a football game or a Lindbergh reception; but their best work is inferior to the story written by any good reporter; the best part of the radio description is not what is said into the microphone but the realistic noises which also get in—the roar of the crowd, the clang of the bell and the referee's whistle. Unless radio is altered radically by inventions not now on the horizon, journalism seems to have nothing to fear from its competition.

As an educational device, it is also a disappointment. Some colleges are still giving courses over the air, and report a large sale of printed syllabi to accompany them; but there is no way of checking up to see whether any substantial addition has been made to the knowledge of the "students." Americans are notorious for taking first steps toward enlightenment; they are always buying five-foot shelves, and stories of philosophy, and Elbert Hubbard scrap-books, in the expectation that they will thus acquire culcherr in five minutes a day; but it is well known that the percentage of achievement as a result of these efforts is negligible. There is no reason to believe it is otherwise with the radio. To the restlessness of the race, which makes it difficult for most of us to sit and be lectured except for very brief periods, there is added the special restlessness of the radio listener: there is something about the artificiality of music and speech from unseen sources which urges the hearer to "tune 'im out and get something else." No pangs of conscience accompany this act, such as would be felt if one similarly got up and walked out of church. The radio authorities realize that this is so, and try to keep all their serious talks down to a brevity which is really absurd, in relation to some of the subjects: fifteen minutes on the air is regarded as equal to two hours in the class room. It may be true that "no souls are saved after the first fifteen minutes"; it is also true that the truth about the Einstein theory, or population problems, or the Cro-Magnon, is hardly to be lured into a net which is spread for so brief a span of time. Education by radio, except in the one field of "music appreciation," is as yet of negligible importance, and seems likely to remain so.

This appears to be the case even as regards popular lectures for adults. A year or two ago, there seemed some reason to believe that the business of going about the country addressing women's clubs, which has long been such a gold mine for visiting English novelists, might be impaired through the competition of the radio; but the prophecy has proved false. Lecture bureaus report that never was there a bigger season than the present. A glutton for punishment, the patient public seems unlimited in its capacity to sit and listen, if it can only see as well as hear its mentor. And the more it sees and hears, the more it wants. The same thing is true of the more serious and genuine phases of adult education. It is authoritatively reported that they go on at a constantly accelerated pace, which the radio does not help and is powerless to hinder.

In the main, broadcasting in America is an advertising device. Other countries—Great Britain, for example—keep it under government control, and an official bureau is charged with the responsibility for giving the people just as good material and as much of it as they will tolerate; but in the United States, there are only two possible sources of revenue, the sale of receiving sets and the sale of other goods which can be popularized by having them described, or perhaps merely mentioned, over the air. Some stations are making a profit on their operations through the fees received from advertisers; and nearly all of them seek at least to diminish their deficit by this means. The formula is like that of the big-circulation magazines—a streak of reading matter, and then a streak, three times wider, of advertising. This takes the form of concerts broadcast "through the courtesy of" some manufacturer of soap or pickles or batteries; or the persistent announcer comes on the air between the movements of the symphony to urge upon you the merits of Glantz's bakery or the Helen's Beauty Parlor Special Facial. How much of this sort of

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street-begging-in-the-home the listeners will stand for, is still a question which awaits an answer.

An important movement in recent months corresponds to the development in journalism of chain ownership of newspapers. Radio stations throughout the country are now being leased or purchased, or their time bought, and linked up into systems with their material broadcast from a central source. The cost is paid by the owner of the system, and charged to advertising. One such chain of many stations is owned by a phonograph company, and others by a vaudeville theater organization and a motion picture producer. The "circulation" reached by these chains, daily or nightly, presumably mounts into many millions. It is not unlikely that this process will go on until the little local station, with its home-talent programs and its advertising of home-town department-store bargains, will have been forced out of business. Naturally, the programs offered by the great national chains are very much better. They can afford to employ world-famous musicians to sing or play to the microphone, while the local studio is still dependent, for the most part, on the ambitious amateur. If both programs are on the air simultaneously, the listeners will probably take the well known stars. Ergo, advertising through the local station will no longer be profitable; ergo, the source of revenue will dwindle.

But the chain itself is confronted by the same deadly problem, in the long run. Can it keep people listening, not occasionally, but regularly? For if it cannot, the economic organization of broadcasting will break down. Every new owner of a receiving set listens faithfully for a time, to no matter what trash, enthralled by the mechanical marvel; but in far too many homes there is today a silent set, resuscitated only when something comes along like a Dempsey-Tunney fight. As evidence of this, there is the great demand for new batteries and other equipment during the last few days before such an event. The broadcaster has tried to meet his difficulty with music and music alone. He has discovered that the public is not exclusively, or even chiefly, jazz-crazy, but welcomes a great deal of good music and even a small amount of very good music. But it is a question whether there is not a surfeit point in this direction, which may be reached long before the broadcaster is ready to have the listener turn off his set. Even the most hardened concert-goer hardly wants to attend a recital every evening, to say nothing of three or four; music critics for the press groan under the burden of hearing perhaps half as much as the radio listener is asked to absorb.

The New Republic has often commented on the timidity of broadcasting in the realm of intellectual and social ideas. That timidity not only continues, but is apparently growing worse as the audiences get larger. With very few exceptions, station managers are deathly afraid of putting on the air novel views of any sort, and most of all, those which run counter to the prevailing opinion. The stations are owned for the most part, of course, by big corporations, and, particularly, by public utility organizations. Their timidity is due to several factors: to the conservatism of the capitalists behind them, to the bullying censorship maintained by professional patriots, who identify as treason anything upsetting to their narrow and unstable mentalities; to the fact that station managers are usually drawn from the ranks of musicians, totally unused to the world of ideas and the editorial technique which presents ideas to the public. To these managers a speech is a speech, and one is as good as another. While they pay high fees to musicians, there is hardly a station in the country which is willing to pay a professional lecturer for appearing at its microphone. The result is that the air is more or less monopolized by after-dinner speeches from broadcast banquets (which sound even worse over the air than to those present in person) and volunteer orators with an axe to grind —health experts, ministers, and mild and orthodox cranks. From the point of view of maintaining the listener's interest, it is undoubtedly true that the words now spoken over the air are, on the whole, a liability and not an asset.

A few stations are trying to solve this problem in a new and interesting way. As a newspaper whose circulation is declining goes in for startling editorial stunts, these broadcasters are seeking to wake their listeners up with a jolt. While others fly from "controversial" subjects as from leprosy, they grasp the nettle boldly and put on the air the baldest treatment of the boldest themes. This is often done in the form of a debate between men of opposing views; or it may be preceded by the simple statement that the station does not assume responsibility for the opinions which are about to be heard. The results attained by this method, as checked by response from listeners, are, in some cases at least, highly satisfactory. It will be interesting to see whether, as the situation grows more serious throughout the whole radio field, this clue will be followed widely; and whether necessity will be the mother of liberalism.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Revolution in Mexico

THE indications at this writing are that the "revindicating regime" of Obregon and Calles has consolidated its position more effectively than ever before. Lightning-swift and ruthless, the government fell upon the initiators of the recent armed insurrection, crushing them and executing the leaders right and left. Only a few weeks ago, peace smiled upon the land; then overnight the two "anti-reëlection" candidates whirled the country into as insensate and criminal a military adventure as Mexico's history recalls. Not that there were no prospects of success for the revolt. Undoubtedly, it appealed to fully 70 percent of the army, it could scarcely fail to please the recalcitrant petroleum companies, it might have fanned the smoldering Catholic animosity against President Calles into open flame, and it had at its back the hungry "outs" of every past government from Diaz on. Yet it fizzled out like a damp squib. What happened?

On Saturday afternoon, October 1, the two candidates, Gomez and Serrano, in high-powered cars, motored over the lofty mountains that fringe the upland valley of Mexico. The first hastened in the direction of Vera Cruz; the second, south to Cuernavaca in Morelos. On Sunday at midnight, during the sham battles being conducted on the Valbuena aviation field, General Hector Ignacio Almada and four other generals led two fully equipped regiments and two battalions out of Mexico City to the town of Texcoco on the opposite side of the lake. There they were joined by rebel contingents from nearly all the garrisons encircling Mexico City—perhaps 3,000 men in all. Simultaneously, throughout the country disloyal officers attempted to stage *cuartelazos,* the most serious being in Tehuacán, Puebla; Torreon, Coahuila; Saltillo, Coahuila; Toluca, Mexico; and Queretaro. Chiapas flamed into open revolt; disturbances were reported in Oaxaca, Jalisco, Tamaulipas, Sinaloa and elsewhere.

Up in embattled Chapultepec Castle, President Calles and his Secretary of War Amaro worked indefatigably. Here, where occurred that last stand of the Mexican cadets in the war with the United States, they wrestled with the problem of mobilization. For ninety-six hours straight, without sleep, they fought the uprising. The gods of chance were with them. Late Monday afternoon, Serrano and thirteen accomplices were summarily shot. All Monday and Tuesday, Almada, deserted by his cavalry, drove east to join Gomez. By Wednesday, Gomez was in full retreat through the Vera Cruz mountains. By Thursday, one of Almada's associates, General Alfredo Rueda Quijano, who had been seized by his own troops, was brought to the capital, courtmartialed, and stood up before a firing squad. The same day, Alfonso de la Huerta (brother of the ex-president and rebel), who had crossed into the Yaqui country, was captured and shot. These same hectic days witnessed the execution of nineteen officers in Torreon and others in Queretaro. The "anti-reëlection" deputies and senators were expelled from Congress; anti-reëlection civilian leaders were arrested. There was the usual terrible toll of death which goes with revolution in the tropics. Yet the unhesitating iron-handedness of these measures has probably saved Mexico five or six months of bloody fratricide.

What was the plan of the rebels? The Big Five of the inner conspiracy appear to have been Generals Serrano, Gomez, Eugenio Martinez, ex-commandant of the Valley of Mexico, Juan Dominguez, Yaqui commandant of Morelos, and General Pedro J. Almada of the state of Puebla, cousin of General Hector Almada. It is possible that some of these were playing the government's game, for not one of the three who were supposedly associated with the two headstrong candidates proved faithful to the rebel cause. Of these three the most important was the wily Martinez. He was the white hope of the anti-reëlectionists and, according to Obregon, "one of the most involved" in the military scheming. In my last New Republic article, I told how the government had been trying to shift his command, supplant him by General Escobar (now in pursuit of Gomez), or send him to Europe. To be prepared for possible treachery, the government during the past few months had assembled in the Valley of Mexico independent troops under the direct command of Calles. It has been charged that Martinez, with Gomez, planned to surround the Chamber of Deputies at the opening of Congress on September 1, a move which would have placed Calles, the entire cabinet, and the members of both houses at his mercy. Serrano vetoed this plan. The government having strengthened its position in the Valley, forced the hand of the anti-reëlectionists by ordering Martinez to Europe not later than October 2. The revolt coincided with his departure from Mexico City; the rebels expected him to desert the train at a near-by station, where troops were waiting for him, and join Almada in Texcoco. Instead he proceeded to the border. Fizzle number one.

The second plan of the rebels was to seize Calles and Amaro when they reviewed the sham battle at Valbuena; and seize Obregon at a dance. But Calles and Amaro stayed in Chapultepec; Obregon's niece died two days before the dance, and he could not be present. Another part of the plot was to capture the Ciudadela, or arms factory, located in the heart of the city. Then the troops from the surrounding towns, which the anti-reëlec-

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tionists believed they controlled — Cuernavaca, Pachuca, Toluca, Chalco — were to close in on Mexico City via Texcoco, a town two hours from the capital on the opposite side of the lake. At the eleventh hour, the disloyal guards were changed. Almada had only one recourse. He took his soldiers to Texcoco. The seriousness of the danger may be realized from the fact that among the Almada rebels were the most trusted forces of the President, the very troops which had guarded the Chamber of Deputies on the opening of Congress a month previously.

The third misfortune which overtook the rebels was Serrano's failure to persuade Dominguez to deliver to him the Cuernavaca plaza. Sunday night Serrano and Dominguez, and their respective followers, dined together hilariously. Serrano then went to a near-by hacienda where he was arrested by Governor Puente's personal police and armed agrarians. He was ordered brought to the capital, but on the road the military *camiones* were halted, the prisoners ordered to descend; and without the formality of prior court martial, they were taken to a near-by hill and shot.

Picking Texcoco as a concentration point was undoubtedly chosen to block the advance of federal troops, and cut railway communications, while Gomez, further east, organized the rear, either in Vera Cruz or in Puebla. Hence Gomez' tactics in taking over Perote, that historic fortress where, in 1812, eleven noted conspirators were condemned to death by the Colonials. From Perote, if things became hot, he could retreat into the inaccessible mountains of Huasteca, where the bandit Pelaez, in the time of Carranza, was so loyally subsidized by certain oil interests with dubious land titles. Or Gomez could descend to Vera Cruz. Or move into Puebla, should General Pedro Almada take the field. But in neither state did the military elements rally to his support. And so when Hector Almada, by forced marches and by train, effected a juncture, Gomez hurriedly retreated into the Huasteca region, where a hostile countryside reported his movements to the authorities; and his followers, unaccustomed to guerrilla warfare, melted away.

These initial reverses disheartened sympathetic militarists. The Church and "Artichoke" parties did not prove too willing to embrace a candidate who yesterday stood in the enemy's camp. Turncoats do not inspire confidence. The oil companies have frequently lost more than they gained by backing rebels; most of them are more interested in developing Venezuela than taking a long, long chance on a dubious cause. Perhaps, too, the promptness with which the government dominated the situation is due in part to the fact that the game of Mexican politics is in the process of change. Gomez' failure is one piece with the inherent rhythm of violence and peace that features the history of all peoples. Make a graph of the periods of Mexican disorder from 1910 to the present, and the result is almost a perfect curve, sharply ascending to its widest point in the troubled winter of 1915-16 and gradually fading away to the relatively settled administrations of Obregon and Calles.

Perhaps the most useful slogan for the revolt was "No reëlection." This slogan has, in the past, served dictator and liberal equally well. With this slogan, Porfirio Diaz broke the reform movement of Juarez. With it, Madero ousted him after thirty years of rule. Indeed, the Madero revolution espoused three principles, largely political: no reelection, effective suffrage, and municipal home rule. All three are going by the boards. But the "revindicating regime," in spite of its name, is not truly a continuation of Madero; it marks the emergence of the vital social tendencies of our era, plus the awakening of race, peasant and nation. Not form, but content, is important in government. The Gomez faction wished to fill an unworkable idealistic form with a content radically opposed to the whole present trend toward agrarian and labor reform, opposed to the desire for peace and stabilization. To say this is to give the rebels credit for principles, when in fact they were animated by purely personal ambitions.

"No reëlection" was but a blind for ulterior aims. No question of effective suffrage was invoked. Calles personally had given guarantees and demonstrated his impartiality. In the two or three states controlled by Serrano and Gomez, the same lack of respect for civil rights was shown as in the states controlled by Obregon. Of course, in the last analysis, there never has been any effective direct suffrage in Mexico; no change in Mexican government can be effected except by armed revolt. And so the no-reëlectionists talked long and loud of "the day" and staked all on a blind gamble—not for principle but for power. But the era of unadulterated militarism and *machete* dictators in Mexico is past, and while it is equally true that Obregon founded the revindicating regime largely with military elements, nevertheless he squared with the tendencies of the period, and he has never neglected the popular mass sentiments which must ever in the long run determine the success or failure of armed action. But whatever theoretical considerations may be involved in Mexican political practices, the practical and tangible result is the definite consolidation of the revindicating regime.

It is worth while to consider the history and characteristics of this regime. Its bases were laid at the beginning of the worst epoch of Mexican disorder, when in 1914 Calles was military governor of the state of Sonora, and Obregon marched down the west coast and into Mexico City ahead of all the rest of his revolutionary *confrères*. The Sonora military organization saved Carranza from extinction by Villa; it was the real loom on which was woven the pattern of the Carranza administra-

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tion. The Sonora party, allied with the Labor elements, definitely came into its own when Obregon in 1920, with the watchword of "revindicating revolution" raised revolt in Balsas, drove Venustiano Carranza to his grave, and seized the reigns of power. For more than seven years, this regime has faced treachery within and the menace of intervention from without. Slowly, surely, it has cut power away from the land-holders, the Church, the old-time bureaucrats. Time and again, by edict and by battle, it has cleansed the army and made it an ever better organized instrument. It has pacified and repacified the rural districts. It has permitted workers and peasants to organize. And, painfully, without the assistance of foreign loans, it has toiled at the economic reconstruction of the country—roads, irrigation, banking, merchant marine, coöperatives, sound currency, rural education, statistics, telegraph service, domestic and international. It is, in short, the one existing promise of stability and progress in Mexico—a fact our State Department has been lamentably slow to realize.

The second result of the present *fracaso* of the anti-reëlectionists is the definite removal of the menace, for many years to come, of an armed movement sponsored by, or seeking aid from, the Diaz landed-proprietors, the Church, or unruly foreign capital. Rather than from renegade militarists, hoping to gain the favor of reactionary elements, further armed movements are likely to spring from diverging tendencies within the "revindicating" camp itself. Those tendencies are already germinating.

The third result is a military house-cleaning, with the likelihood that a more national and disciplined army will emerge to replace the older feudal units. The fall of Carranza and the de la Huerta revolt saw the elimination of many unruly military personalities evolved out of the prolonged bloody conflict with Victoriano Huerta and out of the subsequent schism with Villa. The present struggle sees death reaping many of the secondary men who have worshiped the God of Mars during this long, hectic period. The crop is apparently unlimited; but the newer men emerging in the army are not so schooled in the older violences, they are closer to the pacific period of the past eight years. A tamer army, but an army wherein organized efficiency and patriotism may ultimately replace the originally rampant ambitions of the revolutionary generals, each an independent ego, without creed or loyalty.

Danger, of course, resides in the undue emphasis given to the Obregon tradition. Obregon, in his campaign, has been vainglorious and rhetorically vague. He may now use the newer, disciplined military machine as an instrument of unchecked power and thus turn his back upon the civil elements he has been espousing and on whom he would have been obliged to call for aid had the present struggle proved prolonged and serious. His truer alternative is to hold the army to patriotic purposes and allow organizations to root in, and thus definitely alter, the present practices of political succession.

Rather new and significant tendencies are, I think, likely to mature under Obregon. The first of these is connected with the rise of the peasant movement.

Just after the Obregon turnover in 1920 I asked one of the Zapatista "generals," who had been ranging over the southern mountain states of Morelos and Guerrero, "What do you people want?" His answer cut back like the lash of a whip, "Land, water, and schools." Water! For even the rich state of Morelos in the winter seasons is terribly dry. Schools! For the people are illiterate, and without education they can achieve no social cohesion or independence. Land! For the sugar-producing state of Morelos, with a population in Diaz' time of about 136,000, was owned by 140 individuals; most of the state was controlled by some twenty families.

Yet it is only now, after seventeen years of strife, that an effective organized peasant movement is emerging, partly due to the newer independence achieved by the *villani* where land has been distributed, partly to the popular consciousness of how superficially the land program has been begun. The Mexican agricultural pueblo is reminiscent of eleventh-century England, and the old-time description could easily hold here in this twentieth century: "On either side of an irregular roadway would be cottages, whose appearance would suggest pig-sties or at least cattle-sheds, where, in winter, human beings and pigs and poultry lived and slept in happy ignorance of the laws of hygiene; each of these cottages would be surrounded by a piece of land." Yet in spite of rural needs, the National Agrarian party was not founded until 1920, and it soon dissipated its energies.

Not until November 15, 1926, was the more fundamental National League of Peasants organized, with representatives from seventeen state leagues, embracing over a quarter-million peasants. The Mexican cities are rapidly being modernized; foreign capital, in spite of unpleasant laws, in spite of disorder, continues to develop new enterprises. But a backward land-system cannot meet the needs of the modern industrialized centers.

Similar artificial division between city and country cut the economic roots of the Roman Empire; the same conflict has been registered in most European countries since the War. It has caused a reorientation of the Bolshevik policy. It was involved in the Fascist struggle in Italy. Today, the Mexican labor movement, having, through aggressive tactics, attained an assured footing in the national life, now seeks to become a co-partner in industry. Witness the recent labor-employer conferences in the various branches—textiles, electrical industries, henequen, sugar refining. Thus the tendency is for Mexican labor to become identified with the process of industrialization, seeking its gains in rapid economic expansion and at the expense of continued low rural standards. Hence the inevita-

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ble continuation of the cleavage between labor and the peasant movement. Industry and the native industrial worker thus become identified with the western European invasion that began four centuries ago with Cortez. The peasant movement may ultimately be caught up in the same current; at present, it is more closely linked with the great indigenous race surge of the Mexican people.

This underlying ethnic problem ever looms up like a purple shadow, like the great jagged mountains of the land, in the background of the picture. And so Obregon's second administration may witness a new alignment of the four most powerful factors of government control: the industrial workers, the peasants, the army, and foreign capital. It appears that Obregon, with the purified army as the instrument of immediate control, will make his peace with foreign capital by providing a more disciplined proletariat; on the other hand, he will make strenuous efforts to proceed with the land program. His preëlection activities promise the stronger development of the organized peasantry, whose needs root deep in the native soil. The new line-up is a formulation of a struggle four centuries old.

In the light of these major trends, the recent mad military adventure, with its feudal and egoistic implications, is without real significance. *Noli prosequi.* The Revindicating Regime reconsolidates itself on the realistic basis of national needs.

Mexico City. CARLETON BEALS.

McAndrew Follows Scopes

THERE is a certain type of sensationalism which thrives on intellectual conflict, properly staged and set. The perennial alignment in such conflict is naturally between the conservative, strong in the vested rights of religious or nationalistic dogma, and the radical challengers. It may be surmised that recent anti-evolutionary legislation gained some impetus from the desire to give the public the spectacle of a fight among the highbrows. Chicago, with a certain youthful bravado which is not afraid of playing the clown among cities, is frequently ready to accommodate. A federal judge in Chicago solemnly tried Rostand for the plagiarism of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and gave the authorship of the play to a realtor whose name is borne by a peculiarly dreary, ill-smelling street "back of the yards." Another Chicago judge pronounced with equal solemnity that Bacon was the author of the plays known as Shakespeare's. The Chicago Board of Education provides entertainment of a more slap-stick variety. Some ten years ago, after that veteran educator, Ella Flagg Young, had retired from the Superintendency of Schools, the Board elected Mr. Charles Chadsey of Detroit to that office. Meanwhile, the legislature had passed a bill reducing the membership of the Board from twenty-one to eleven, and Mayor Thompson appointed a new body. The old Board claimed its tenure of office, and was ousted, as was its appointee, Mr. Chadsey, by the new board, which refused to obey a court order to reinstate him, though some of its members went to jail for contempt. When, four years ago, the Board, reorganized by Mayor Dever, engaged in a nation-wide search for a superintendent, and finally dropped its mantle upon William McAndrew (at that time one of the assistant superintendents in New York), there were many who prophesied that, in spite of his insistence on an iron-clad contract, he would "get his." With the present Board, under Mayor Thompson, he is getting it.

The Board of Education is one of the most powerful municipal bodies of Chicago. It controls one of the major departments of the city. It holds in trust a considerable amount of real estate; it handles a large income from this source and from taxes; it employs tens of thousands of teachers and other employees. Appointed by the Mayor, it represents a political asset of great importance; and it directs a system of schools which have held a reputation for efficiency and progress of which the city has been proud. In the past, the Board has been the field of service of devoted men and women; and some of the wisest of the city, to mention only the late President W. R. Harper and Miss Jane Addams, have been among its members.

Over against the Board there must be mentioned the public-school teachers of Chicago. These were organized several years ago, by two remarkable women, Miss Catherine Goggin, who is no longer alive, and Miss Margaret Haley. Although the grade teachers were compelled to give up their membership in the A. F. of L., they have remained a strongly organized body. As such, they have not only occupied themselves with their professional activities and conditions; they have taken a keen interest in the whole enterprise of public education. They have brought before the community the situation in which the schools are deprived of their due and rightful financial support — in part through the dubious manner in which the School Board has administered its income-bearing property, in part through the fraud by which wealth escapes a large share of its burden of taxation. Unfortunately, Mr. McAndrew failed to realize the importance of coöperating with them. They have reason to feel that he has suppressed the voice of the classroom teacher in educational matters, and has refused to recognize the right of the teachers to be represented by their organizations. For example, it had been the custom to permit teachers to dismiss classes early on the day of their monthly coun-

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cils. Mr. McAndrew declared that this time belonged to the pupils, and, in the interest of efficiency, forbade the practice. He was upheld by the Board of Education. So bitterly was this resented by the teachers that it is thought that they and their friends played a considerable part in the defeat of Mayor Dever and the return of Mayor Thompson to City Hall last spring.

It will be remembered that Mayor Thompson made the keynote of his recent campaign the slogan, "America First," and that he charged that his countrymen were being corrupted by British propaganda. Obviously McAndrew, already at odds with his teachers, was a weak point in Mayor Dever's administration. "A tool of King George," was Mr. Thompson's characterization of him on the stump, and he promised to retire him as soon after the election as possible. Accordingly, once in office, he gained control of the Board by a six to five majority, and elevated Mr. J. Lewis Coath, who had been a member for some years, to the presidency. Mr. Coath had been in opposition to Mr. McAndrew from the first, and now he started right after him. Mr. McAndrew's treasonable service of a foreign power was represented by certain textbooks in history, which were the subject of a special report to Mayor Thompson by Mr. John J. Gorman, former Congressman. According to Mr. Gorman, the school histories, with one exception, are "faulty on account of their omissions principally, but most of the texts not only omit but they distort and minimize many of the real characters, events, and ideals hitherto held sacred and essential in American history." These sinister alterations by which "our annals are perverted . . . could not have occurred by mere coincidence." They "reflect the fruition of seeds planted by the Rhodes scholarships, the Carnegie Foundation and the English Speaking Union." Mr. Gorman refers to the investigation six years ago, at the instigation of the Patriot League, of the histories used in the schools of New York, as the result of which

> twelve histories then in use in the New York public schools were thrown out on account of their disloyalty and un-Americanism. One history temporarily escaped investigation. It was a misnamed American history written by David Saville Muzzey, a member of the English Speaking Union and a professor at the Columbia University where the crown of King George III still caps a flagstaff on the campus. . . . Secret potent influences caused William McAndrew, then an assistant superintendent in that city, to be appointed the head of the Text Book Division of the New York School System. . . .

Under McAndrew, "Muzzey histories started flooding into the schools." As a next step in the conspiracy, the English Speaking Union "exercised a secret influence" to have McAndrew transferred to Chicago, and Muzzey flooded in after him.

The bill of particulars brought against Mr. Muzzey's book is as follows:

> It teaches that the cause of the Revolution was a mere "difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire" and that it was "a much debated question whether the abuses of the King's ministers justified armed resistance." It teaches the British and Tory versions that "the Boston Tea Party was the last straw—the colonists had added insult to injury," that Boston "was a center of vulgar sedition," that the Continental Congress was "a collection of quarrelsome, pettifogging lawyers and mechanics," that "America tricked and betrayed our ally France in making the peace that secured our independence," that "Europe was amazed at England's generosity," and that "it was a complete if a tardy triumph of that feeling of sympathy for men of common blood, common language, traditions and institutions across the seas"; while the War of 1812 was "an unfortunate conflict between the sister nations of the English tongue." In this textbook more space and fervor are lavished upon the battle of Quebec in 1759, which made Canada British, than upon all battles of the Revolution, which made America a free nation.

Two other books, "Modern History," by Hayes and Moon, and Corson's "Founders of Freedom in America," came in for milder criticism, although the only basis in the case of the former is Professor Hayes' speech at the Town Hall Club, January 16, 1927, upon nationalistic superstitions.

While this storm was gathering, Mr. McAndrew had a difference of opinion with the Board of Education as to the employment of 287 teachers in administrative positions. The Board ordered their assignment to work as teachers, and their places filled by civil service clerks. They entered an injunction suit against such transfer, in which they were upheld by Mr. McAndrew. This led to the charge against him of insubordination, and he was removed from office, pending trial, Mr. Coath taking it on himself to act as superintendent.

On September 29, at 10 A. M., William McAndrew was brought to trial before the Board of Education of Chicago. "The scene," says the Chicago American, "was a colorful one." One remembers the trial of Warren Hastings. The charges of unpatriotic conduct were amplified. Mr. McAndrew had caused the picture, "The Spirit of '76," to be removed from the walls of schools; he had neglected to recommend to the Board that school children be permitted to collect pennies for the rehabilitation of the frigate "Constitution." Jealousy of the influence of the University appears in the charge that Mr. McAndrew had entered into

> unlawful confederacy and conspiracy with one Charles E. Merriam and one Charles H. Judd . . . to destroy the love of America and loyalty to its purposes, reverence to its history and tradition, and faith in its destiny in the minds of the school children of Chicago, and in furtherance of the said unlawful confederacy and conspiracy . . . actively encouraged teachers to attend special classes in a course of American history offered by the University of Chicago [in which was used a book] by Schlesinger, a pro-British, un-Amer-

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ican and unpatriotic textbook, which is replete with false and disloyal statements, and goes so far as to refer to George Washington as a rebel and a disloyalist.

The issue of the trial is scarcely doubtful. The only questions are whether the courts will uphold the Board's decision, whether the Board will go to jail for contempt rather than yield, whether Mr. McAndrew will get his salary under his iron-clad contract, whether Mayor Thompson can capitalize his anti-British propaganda to sufficient amount to make him a dark-horse contender in the next Republican national convention. Meanwhile, Mr. Coath as Superintendent of Schools is what one might expect. In the recent hot days he informed the newspapers that he intended to dismiss the schools—but neglected to notify the principals. The result was a morning of disorder with pupils demanding the promised release from teachers who were powerless to grant it and could only stand guard to prevent a general stampede. In other respects he is running true to form. The Tribune notes the granting of suspiciously large building contracts to a firm with suspiciously small capital, of which Mr. Coath's son is a member.

It seems that there is a chance for the organized teachers to take a hand in the game. Miss Haley could probably have prevented the appointment of Mr. McAndrew in the first place. She acquiesced. Later, irritated by his tactlessness, his martinet discipline, she led the teachers in opposition, and did much to make his tenure of office unfruitful. Now she declines to join Mayor Thompson. She denounces the attack on McAndrew and King George as a red herring drawn across the trail which the teachers are pursuing, and which leads straight to the graft of the Board of Education and the vast corruption of the taxing bodies. As she said in a recent interview: "If Chicago and Cook County property were fairly taxed—if the big tax dodgers paid what they ought to pay—there would be $62,000,000 more taxes collected each year." But it is not enough for Miss Haley and the teachers to remain neutral, pursuing their own high aims. The fight against Mr. McAndrew is one in which the self-respect of the United States and the reputation for sanity of the city of Chicago are at stake. Against the effort of the Board of Education to make fools of us all for William Hale Thompson's sake, the teachers of Chicago stand in the first line of defense. They are the first attacked. The dignity of the profession is in their hands to uphold. If the argument for more democracy in the schools and an increasing measure of control by the teaching force is ever to prevail, it will be by virtue of such action in favor of common sense and intellectual honesty, and against the silly politics of the Board, as the strength of the organization of teachers in Chicago, and the intelligence of their leadership, would lead one to expect.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Isadora

EUROPE will mourn her with a sharper grief and a more poignant realization of the void that is left by her going. French and Germans, Russians and Italians, are all Good Europeans in reverence for genius. To them Isadora was one with the glory that was Greece, one with the glory of all great art in all ages, one with Phidias and Michelangelo and Botticelli, one with great Ludwig, and Glück, and Chopin and Wagner; but our awareness of her as an artist was clouded by our habit of considering her good copy for sensational stories in the public prints. Yet in this morrow of the fantastic tragedy at Nice, it is we, most of all, who should mourn and remember and honor our own. For she was our own, and it seems to me that somehow no woman born of centuried Europe could have done what she did, and that somehow it was destined and appropriate that America should cradle the woman who recreated in our day the oldest of the arts.

Whether there is a kind of Platonic absolute of art is a question in dispute since the days of Lessing, but if the revelation of beauty and the sanction of wonder, the awaking of aspiration and the disquieting of thought and the release of energy for purposes beyond food and shelter, raiment and safety, are the ends for which all the arts alike assault the mind and soul by the several portals of the senses, it seems to me that Isadora Duncan was the greatest artist of our times; for it seems to me that, more than any other contemporary artist, she gave us, fused and incandescent, that revelation and sanction, that awakening and disquieting and release. It is necessary to say this now in justice to the generations who never can see her and who cannot be aware to what extent all the art they touch will bear her hidden impress; for every poet and musician and plastic artist of her generation sat at her feet, and she entered into sculpture and painting, music and poetry, her influence no more always to be traced than the rain that falls in the forest can be traced to the arbutus and the oak-leaf that it nourishes. Alas, that her art, the most robust in facing the Moment, was the most fragile in the fingers of Time!—the price of its incomparable aliveness was its utter evanescence. Words must be summoned to preserve some memory of a thing that was as instant and perfect and beyond the power of words as the slant of an April shower in sunlight over green hills, or the toss of a branch of young leaves, or the arced flight of a marten, or the breaking of a white wave on dark waters. Words!—why did not some of the pompous promoters of this new "art" of the motion pictures ever think of devoting a trifling sum to making a record of Isadora's dancing? Why did she never think of it herself? At least some pale and imperfect image of her, paler and less perfect perhaps than the phonographic immortality of Caruso's voice, might have gone down to the generations to explain what I try and what abler others have tried to put in words.

When Isadora went to Munich, the dance as a great art did not exist. There was the lace-and-china-and-powder-puff prettiness of the ballet, and there was dramatic dancing, leaning heavily on properties and costumes, and striving to act out a story that was fundamentally a bit ridiculous to act out in a dance. But the dance as a great

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art, holding up its head among the hierarchies with the art of Palestrina and Beethoven and Wagner, with the art of the sculptor of the Sphinx and the painter of the bisons in the cave of Altimira, with Leonardo and Titian, Rembrandt and Rubens, Monticelli and Redon, with Homer, Petrarch, Chaucer, Coleridge, Shelley, Yeats—the dance as such an art did not exist. It had not existed for more centuries than man remembers. She re-created it from the same pregnant elements whose fiery substance has been seized and molded by all great artists—nature, the ancient mysteries and the old symbols, intelligence that is aware of wonder and sensitiveness that is aware of overtones and undertones, and genius, the shaping power that is not to be measured nor understood.

Words are of little use to describe any good dancing, and of how little, therefore, to suggest hers! There was a bare stage, flooded with soft and tinted light, and a background of unfigured curtains whose heavy folds reached up into darkness. Bare of limb and splendid of limb she came and moved before us; like a curled leaf drifting over the grass. Plutarch wrote that music is audible dance and the dance is silent music. Say rather visible music, music translated for another sense, doubly alive. She danced only to great music, Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony," and Chopin, and Glück in whose ineffable melodies all passion and hope and despair are intensified to serenity; and this music she made visible with "majestic instancy."

Grace and sheer visual beauty were here in stirring splendor, but it was not these that moved us. There was something else. It was that Isadora's art was great *symbolic* art. The stage became the wind-drifted border between flowering meadow and sandy beach on the margin of some nameless sea where the horn of Poseidon faintly echoes, and Kypris, the World's Desire, might be born of any wandering wave. The folded curtain became the ancient trees that guard the vaporous cleft of the Pythoness in the forests of Delphi, and the towering crags of the Caucasus, at the end of the world, where Prometheus knows the vulture and remembers the love of man and the vengeance of gods. And she was the soul of man confronting nature and the enigmas of life, the brave and troubled soul of man among the mysteries. This was not drama. Others have given us dramatic dancing, and Isadora herself in her later period, or at least during her American tour of 1917, declined into dramatic dancing. But I speak of her art at its greatest. If it be denied that symbolic art is the supreme art, there is nothing to be said; but to the understanding I say that, more than any other we have known among us, she was companion and messenger of the rose and the sword, the rood and the poppy and the stars, and mystery, and wonder, and eternity.

That was why people wept when they watched her. People came out of the brisk stream of life flowing up Broadway, and sat in the Metropolitan Opera House or Carnegie Hall, a few feet away from the hard surfaces and pert hopes and immediate worries of that stream, and she tuned them like lutes and swept them with rhythms their forbears had forgotten ages ago, and the beauty and wonder of it called tears out of the core of their being. It was an emotion as far removed from sentimentality as her art was distant from prettiness. Any natural man, normally concerned with virile affairs, truck-driver or president of a steel corporation, who might have come into her presence, would, after a brief orientation, have felt the power of her work, would have understood and been refreshed.

One of the newspapers, on the occasion of her death, said that her dances "came to be known, for some reason, as 'Greek.'" It is so that her work is usually thought of. She herself wrote that she went to nature as primitive man had done. She wrote that the dance was the earliest of the arts, and that primitive man had been inspired directly and immediately by the movements of wind and wave and bird and beast. She found the image and evidence of this in Greek sculpture and frescoes and the figures on vases. She overlooked the fact that many of these were made in a time of sophisticated and urban civilization, and pictured a dance that was not immediately from nature, but was part of centuried ritual. But there are works of Greek art that spring immediately from nature as the wave springs from the sea. Such are the Wingless Victory and the Victory of Samothrace. It is of these that she was sister. Isadora's brother, Raymond Duncan, was in fact a greater "Greek" dancer than she. He re-created with uncanny exactitude the gestures we see on the vases and reliefs; beautiful, angular, clearly ritualistic. He went to the vases and reliefs, to Greece; but she went to Niké Anapteros, to Nature; Greece was merely on the way.

When I first wrote about Isadora, fifteen years ago, I predicted, as others did and as she did, that the dance as a great art was about to be reëstablished in the world, that many would arise to continue her work, that a great influence for beauty had been released. It was not long before I felt the heavy hand of a skepticism that still rests heavily upon me. I am not familiar enough with the art of the young women whom Isadora trained to know whether there is among them another Isadora; but it is not likely. Her sister Elizabeth Duncan is a greater teacher than she was; but it is unlikely that Elizabeth Duncan can turn out another Isadora. That she established an art of the dance is true. Because of her example, more than a few graceful and intelligent women and some men are dancing with the whole body and not only with mincing toes, and looking to Greece and to nature for inspiration. Her example and fame have evoked a very rash of "classical dancing" schools, and have made the lawns of every women's college and girls' school the scene of amazing antics by bare-legged females clad in "three yards of cheesecloth." And precisely these results constitute the most striking proof that genius is the golden and priceless thing in the arts, and that nothing else matters very much. Numberless composers realized the truth of Wagner's methods, but there has been no second Wagner. It is easy to learn that the secrets of Duse were naturalness and inner intensity, but they will not make a Duse. You can photograph horses, but they will not be the horses of the Parthenon frieze. You can turn every young woman of the generation loose in "self-expression," but it will not produce an Isadora. That takes intelligence of the highest order. She had it. That takes a vital and brooding understanding of nature and life. She had it. That takes genius. She had it—more than any woman artist since Sappho.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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The Flying Fool

I AM one of those who protested that it was unfair to call him The Flying Fool. I went about explaining to all who would listen, and some who wouldn't, first, that the term did not connote opprobrium, being derived by analogy from The Riding Fool, (i. e., one addicted to riding), and second, that, even thus explained, the phrase was unfair, since his Great Solo was the product of science, sheer science—all planned and studied in advance, as carefully as a June wedding. But now I have read his book ("We," by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), the book which has already earned him $95,000 and is destined, I am told, to sell into the millions. And having read his book, I am staggered.

The things in it which produce this effect, I should add, are obviously Lindbergh's own. I take it for granted that he had some assistance with the writing; here and there, a little of the slickness of the skillful "ghost" seems present. But on the whole, the narrative is unquestionably his. It sounds like him. It is simple, modest, businesslike.

Let me offer, in highly condensed form, those parts of his story which have inclined me to a changed view of him. He is not long in coming to the main theme. Ancestry, parentage, childhood, engage him for a total of three small pages of large type; and then, with an almost audible sigh of relief, he turns to aviation. "While I was attending the University" (of Wisconsin), he says, "I became intensely interested in aviation. Since I saw my first airplane near Washington, D. C., in 1912, I had been fascinated with flying, although up to the time I enrolled in a flying school in 1922 I had never been near enough a plane to touch it."

He had eight hours' flying instruction in that school, but made no flight alone. Before he had a chance to do so, he went off "barnstorming" as an aeroplane parachute jumper. The pilot for whom he worked, who was in turn hired by a series of county or state fairs to give the yokels a thrill, would take him aloft and Lindbergh would step from the wing of the plane, wearing a parachute. Sometimes two parachutes are used in these stunts: the first opens and is cut away by the parachutist, who then falls again until the second one checks his descent. This gives the populace a double set of shivers. Lindbergh's very first drop was with two 'chutes, and came near to being his last:

> My first 'chute opened quickly, and after floating down for a few seconds, I cut it loose from the second expecting a similar performance. But I did not feel the comfortable tug of the risers which usually follows an exhibition jump. As I had never made a descent before, it did not occur to me that everything was not as it should be until several seconds had passed and I began to turn over and fall head-first. I looked around at the 'chute just in time to see it string out; then the harness jerked me into an upright position and the 'chute was open.

All this, during a total drop of 1,800 feet!

A few months later, in 1923, Lindbergh bought himself a plane, as another boy might buy a Ford. He saved up $500, and purchased for that sum at a government auction in Georgia (at a great bargain, of course) a "Jenny"—a wartime training plane. He had never flown alone; he had not been in a plane, even as a passenger, for six months; but he took thirty minutes' training in the unfamiliar type of ship, and started off—alone and guided only by one small map of the United States—to fly from Georgia to Texas. His third night out, after landing in a strange cow pasture, he taxied head-on into a ditch and smashed his propeller. When the new one came, he began taking up passengers at $5 each, and with the first of these, he tried to loop the loop, never, of course, having done any stunt flying:

> I had, however, been in a plane during two loops and one tailspin.

He tried to begin his loop from a level flying position, which is impossible with a "Jenny." As soon as the nose pointed at the sky the plane began to fall backward, then rocked end for end and went into a nose-dive. Lindbergh tried again with the same result and gave up "for that afternoon."

A little later, landing in another cow pasture in Kansas, he hit among some rocks, and broke a spar on one wing tip.

A few days afterward, as he made a forced landing in a Minnesota swamp, his ship "nosed over" and broke its propeller.

Soon after that, while he was flying in Nebraska, the water expansion tank exploded. He managed to land in a stubble-field.

Flying in Florida, not long thereafter, his ship developed engine trouble, and he hit a hill which "wiped off my landing gear. One wheel went up through the front spar on the lower left wing, breaking it off."

He then started from Florida to California, but, while trying to take off in the street of a Texas town, he hit a telephone pole, which "swung the plane around and the nose crashed through the wall of a hardware store."

As soon as the ship was repaired, he started off again, but the next day, while trying to rise from sage-brush country, a Spanish dagger plant perforated one wing.

Thereafter he became a cadet in the U. S. Flying School at Brooks Field, Texas, and presently participated in a collision in mid-air.

> I felt a slight jolt followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for an instant. . . . Our ships were locked together with the fuselages approximately parallel. . . . The ships started to mill around and the wires began whistling.

Both aviators jumped with parachutes and landed successfully.

> Within half an hour two planes with extra parachutes were sent to take us back to Kelly [Field]. About an hour after the crash, we had two new S. E. 5's and were back in the air again!

(The exclamation point is mine. Lindbergh never heard of any such punctuation mark.)

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After graduating, he was for a short time a test pilot at Lambert Field, where he made another emergency jump, from a new plane, which had gone into a tail spin and refused to come out:

> I rolled over the right side of the cockpit and since I had jumped only about three hundred and fifty feet above the ground, I pulled the rip cord as soon as the stabilizer had passed. . . . On its next revolution the plane was headed directly toward the chute. How close it passed will never be known, for the risers leading up from my harness were twisted and swung me around as the ship passed.

Jumping from a height of three hundred and fifty feet is about equivalent to stepping out of a twenty-fifth story window of the Woolworth Building.

He next joined the U. S. Air Mail, where he soon made two more forced jumps. In both cases, a combination of night and fog caused him to lose his way, and he stepped overboard when his gasoline was nearly exhausted.

He was careful, though! While falling with the 'chute,

> I crossed my legs, to keep from straddling a branch or wire, guarded my face with my hands, and waited.

Once he lit in a cornfield, and once on a barbed wire fence. Both times he summoned help, and started at once to find his plane and get the pouches out. The mail must go on! . . . After a good deal of this sort of thing, he conceived the idea of that transatlantic flight which was to result in, among other things, his receiving 50,000 telegrams and 600,000 letters and postcards in a week. The story of the hop to Le Bourget need not be repeated here; how safe the journey was is indicated by this summer's toll of some twenty-five deaths in other oceanic flights, most of them equally well planned . . . Lindbergh's narrative ends, practically speaking, with his descent from the sky into the arms of the ferocious, loving French mob. Another hand, in a lengthy addendum, enumerates the cheers.

Aviators tell me that his series of accidents is not especially unusual. Every flying man's life is full of adventures of the same sort, they say. Lindbergh himself is careful to point out that most of his crashes occurred long ago, in the prehistoric days of 1923 and 1924, and were due to lack of proper landing fields, adequately lighted. With today's better ships, fog-piercing lighthouses, radio beacons, marvelous new parachutes, flying has been made so safe that, you gather, he hardly feels it is any fun.

Yet we must come back, I think, to the phrase with which I began, merely adding that many of his brother-fliers seem to come under the same category. Grant that he uses all the science there is; grant that he now takes no more chances than he can avoid except by staying on the ground, still it is clear, I think, that this tall lad flies in answer to some deep-rooted demand of his inner nature, turns to the air as the moth to the candle, answers voices whose call his conscious mind does not even hear. He is the Flying Fool; a fact which the world instinctively recognized even through his hot denials—and loved him for it.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Races

Porgy, by Dubose and Dorothy Heyward. Guild Theater, October 10, 1927.

Jacob Slovak, by Mercedes De Acosta. Greenwich Village Theater, October 5, 1927.

THE Theater Guild begins its season on a venture that is very much worthwhile, with some very fine moments and at least one scene that is superb. As an evening in the theater, "Porgy" is notable not for any single elements but for its whole sum, for the pressure, glow and rhythm of life that it contains; you must go along with the whole of it if you are to get what it provides. It is, however, notable rather for what is inherent in it than for what is quite created. The same is true of the play and the playing.

The play that Mr. and Mrs. Heyward have made stands most by what is inherent in its matter; the authors have not decided just what they do mean to do with it, in the same way that the novel they worked from never decides, charming and admired as it may be. The novel "Porgy" has none of the passionate beauty and accuracy that make Mrs. Julia Peterkin's "Black April" so fine a book. Its persuasion is whimsical, arranged and obliging, where that other novel has so dark and close a magnificence of truth and feeling. The ear and eye of "Black April" are inevitable, the unconscious courage of its development aristocratic and distinguished, its content and the foundations laid for it by the weighing mind of its creator are deeply impressive. "Porgy" has no such humbling proportions; its warmth and lovable fancy are popular in the values sought; and it is only the blood, music and light that emerges from the material itself that mixes us up and sets us at times astray.

As many readers have known for months, the story of "Porgy" is laid in Charleston, in a ruined grandeur of old days that is now Catfish Row and tenanted by Negroes. Porgy is a cripple with a genius for begging and craps. He drives his goat cart every day to his best stations and comes home with good pockets. There is a crap game; Crown, a great black hero, kills a man. He flees. Bess, his woman, to escape the police, goes to Porgy's room and ends by staying there. The story then runs through the funeral with its spirituals, the picnic to the palmetto island where Crown hides and Bess deserts to him for two days, her return to Porgy, her illness, Crown's death at Porgy's hands when he comes back for Bess, Porgy's arrest for refusing to identify the corpse, Bess' flight to New York with the dope seller, and, for the last tableau, Porgy's setting out in his goat cart to find her. Such an outline gives, of course, no hint of the gallery of characters, the rich abundance of Negro music and Negro talk, the changes through morning, evening and night, the exotic world where the scenes lie.

The play follows the novel closely, and on the whole retains the main events.

It would be easy to say that the script is poor, that what counts is the production of it. But the script of the play is quite as good as the novel certainly; compared to the novel, the written play has the same good elements

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and the same limitation in finality of tone. It would be fairer and more illuminating to say that the stage "Porgy" affords an illustration of the nature of the theater art: these speeches and songs, these glowing figures, these smoldering, pathetic, childish and violent scenes, all take on something when they come alive in theater terms. And it would be fairer to the dramatists to say that they were writing not in mere words but in theater elements; no little of the sound, movement and variety of the best scenes in "Porgy" are part of their creation, and are among the languages they were speaking as they created the play. In that one scene, where the dead man lies on the bed and the neighbors sing the spirituals to fill the saucer with money to bury him, and the excitement rises to dancing and wild music, the dramatists must have their due credit for what must be one of the high points of this or any season.

For the acting, we can only say that what counts depends on the elements inherent in the characters and players. None of the acting is in itself very important, and sometimes it is very poor, as in the fine role of Bess, Porgy's woman and Crown's. In most cases, the whole quality is thinned down from the Southern real thing, in voice, gesture and impulse—the acting brought to the part of Crown, for instance, is only Northern white nervous energy. In the case of many of the actors, we are in debt, as we are not seldom indebted on Broadway, to the quiet labors of the Provincetown Playhouse, where they have learned something at least of their business.

Mr. Mamoulian's directing of "Porgy" is sure to attract attention, partly because of his newness in the field, partly because of its speed and generalship. It is indeed admirable in many spots, well marshalled, straight and vivid, exciting, a stage sense that goes far ahead of most directors. That is certain.

It ought to be equally clear that this is often the wrong directing for this play of "Porgy." And this is true not because that quick, obviously disciplined and drilled movement and sound during the first five minutes and, indeed, wherever there are more than two or three people to be seen on the stage, are not true to Negro quality, and could never achieve, of course, the rich languor of physical rhythm or voice or emotion that is natural among Negroes. The director, as an artist, must have a right to be as false or as true as he chooses to the material that he works in. But such a style is wrong because it disturbs the nature of the play Mr. Mamoulian is creating into stage terms. If "Porgy" seemed, as we watch it there on the stage, less active, whisked up, competent, direct and sharp, we should have more room for that relaxed logic, for those childlike and unruled fires and for the vagaries of mood, beauty, whim and story, and so should demand less of what is not quite the right thing to expect of this play, and should receive more of what is there to receive. In sum, the director of "Porgy" has all too often put on to it another kind of life from that it moves by, and by so much has lessened whatever degree of inner unity the play had. The right method in the wrong place.

Mr. Cleon Throckmorton, in his lighting especially, and in his old court and the high panelled room fallen to dregs, has done admirable work.

Miss De Acosta's play at the Greenwich Village Theater takes its place as one of the very few so far this season that have meant to be serious. It holds a profound and dramatic theme and situation in its picture of Jacob Slovak, the foreign Jew, mystic and inheritor of a poetic and intense tradition, cast by the fates into a New England village, loved by a girl because he stirs in her soul things for which in her narrow life she has known only hints and shadows, led by her to a sexual crisis, but repulsive to her also and deserted by her at last and driven out of town, not for this but for general antagonistic reasons, by her father and the natives.

The story of the play moves forward steadily, its progress is effective, the girl, the father and mother, and the yokel that the girl eventually marries, are well drawn. The chief lack in the play is a further development in the portrait of this Jacob Slovak whose outline, as it stands, is so full of ideal suggestion and dramatic interest. But even with its present incomplete portrayal of the central character, we should go a long way further into the play if it were not for Mr. José Ruben in the role. His performance is empty and never moving. Its impulsive energy is curiously monotonous; the whole interpretation, though not without a lively mentality and understanding of the meanings intended, has no core of that emotional resource, mystical strength and simple pathos that the dramatist had in mind.

"Jacob Slovak" has been excellently directed by Mr. James Light; and in the midst of some fair enough playing, Mr. Richard Abbott, as Hezekiah Brent, the yokel who marries the girl, gives again a performance that ought to send managers after him.

STARK YOUNG.

At the Sign of the Balance

The night and the day have now a like dimension
Of dignity, are like in a slow grace
That is half ignorance of human tension
And half condonement of this troubled race.

But the day knows softer hours, being compounded
Of honeyed silences and the green stir
Of tongueless leaves and lazy grass—being bounded
By drifts of sun like warm-webbed gossamer.

Night has dark god-shaped trees and the gray passion
Of clouds about the moon, that kneel and climb;
Night moves in the immitigable fashion
Of ships and planets, or of fate and time.

Day is the season when the soul tastes quiet,
Gold-bosomed fruit upon which wisdom feeds;
But when night comes, it asks a leaner diet—
One millet-seed of awe is all it needs.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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True to the Medium

MR. MURNAU'S talent as it appears in his direction of "Sunrise" (Times Square Theater) is a talent that takes the camera on neglected rather than new terms, making it primarily an eye for motion-beside-within-motion, a retina reflecting an intricately flowing world. The camera moves as the eye, and the eye, with the camera, makes journeys, steering gently along the path of the subject it follows, is caught into long perspectives that plunge into the screen, swerves around corners, becomes involved in elaborate fleeing lights and shadows, all the exciting mixture and quarrel of vision. Here is camera technique pushed to its limits, freed from pantomime and parade against a world as motionless as a backdrop. In the same way that a man walking becomes a more complicated and dramatic mechanism when seen from a moving train than from an open window, so the people in this adapted Sudermann story are heightened and realized in their joy and despair by having their action set against action.

Not since the earliest, simplest moving pictures, when locomotives, fire-engines, and crowds in streets were transposed to the screen artlessly and endearingly, when the entranced eye was rushed through tunnels and over precipices on runaway trains, has there been such joy in motion as under Murnau's direction. He slaps down the cramping cubes of sets and makes, whenever possible, walls of glass and steel that imprison in their clear geometry the intersection of long smooth lines of traffic, people walking, trains gathering speed. When the rare shot shows human gesture against a static background, the stillness is an accent, after the rush of a full and moving screen. He knows every complication and subtlety of his method—his people walk over uneven rather than level ground, along paths always slightly devious. The earth has mist over it, and breath comes visibly from nostrils. Distortion he uses but rarely, and then only as the object naturally might be distorted against the eye.

The story of the young peasant who is seduced into the thought of murdering his wife by the woman from the city is given in unbroken sequences, a continuity of the eye, throughout half its length. The husband and the city woman embracing in the dark fields, the wife in her clumsy dress seated in the boat with rocking water behind her, the blind face of the husband as he rows back to the land after his murderous resolution breaks, and, above all, the two agonized young creatures huddled on the platform of the trolley car with the landscape pouring by them through the car windows—all these scenes have a plasticity, a beauty not easily named or described. They have economy as well as reckless daring in presentation, and are, at the same time, completely true to their medium.

The last half of the picture moves more heavily. It has less freshness and more obvious invention. The episodes of the photographer's studio and the barber's shop are ordinary in conception and detail. Fortunately, however, here the emphasis is laid upon the young peasant couple, and the energy and youth of George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor make even the duller moments come alive. Murnau's imagination is whetted by speed and confusion; his camera should always be taxed to its capacity. His real power again comes through when, at the end of their day, the young pair are set against every conceivable effect of light on darkness. Rockets leap upward; bonfires burn on the water's edge; there is monstrous lightning; and, at the last, a crowd of lanterns is held up over still black water. Night and storm revolve behind the frightened man and woman, and the picture springs back to an intensity hardly to be believed.

"Sunrise" is not fortunate in its art director. It has had contrived for it a village evidently molded from marzipan, artificial trees—one remembers the real tree blowing beyond the prison window in "Variety"—and a claptrap moon. Mr. Murnau does not need this "art" superimposed upon his reality.

"Underworld," a melodrama concerned with Chicago gangsters, has little to recommend it save the neat sense of economy and brisk timing on the part of its director, Joseph von Sternberg. His sequences are worked out crisply and with dispatch, without soggy lapses in which nothing in particular happens. He presents a conversation by a series of close-ups—not a new device, but one seldom managed cleverly. Each face speaks and is really concerned with the face seen but a moment since, and does not merely stare dully or furiously out of the screen. The jewelry-store hold-up is done in four flashes: a pistol shot smashes a clock set above shelves full of silver; a frightened clerk turns; a hand scrapes diamonds from their cases; a crowd is seen through the store's plate-glass window. Police on motorcycles and in long shining cars are handled vigorously. The fight at the hide-away has thrilling disorder but no waste motion. This kind of incisiveness, this giving of the part for the whole, when used imaginatively, not spottily or as a trick, is a method exactly suited to the screen, and one little used.

George Bancroft as Bull Weed is excellent. His big mouth opened in a laugh gives liveliness and gusto to a picture otherwise lacking in intelligent characterization.

Paul Leni, a German director imported by Universal Pictures, has done his best for "The Cat and the Canary," a story full of complicated disappearances and such box-office horrors as long taloned hands appearing from wainscoting. He has invention—a turn for grim lighting and sinister composition not ineffective even when applied to this thin material—which should come through magnificently, given a picture of really terrifying implications. "The Cat and the Canary" has several sets done in the best Castle of Otranto feeling. One, a long corridor lined with tall Gothic windows whose heavy pale curtains blow out in the wind like shrouds, is shot from every angle—from above, as a woman moves along it carrying a lamp, from below, when figures seen against the narrow arches lean back in alarming distortion. Leni suggests action by shadows sliding against bleak bright walls; he breaks up his scene into patterns by placing his actors behind barred chairs and lozenged windows. His talent, more discreet and less violent than Murnau's, is yet one that can save sets from their three-walled monotony, switch them into impressive design, give them tenseness and angularity.

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The possibilities of motion pictures as a medium for projecting horror have never been fully realized. "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" pointed the way, with its use of backgrounds pulled into the color of the action. Without screams or pistol shots, by arrangement and pattern alone, by a combination of pure realism and grotesque dream, the picture of pure horror is still waiting to be made. If any company wants to produce Poe, Paul Leni might very well be the man to take the work in hand. "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," under his direction, should be a full adventure for the startled eye.

The maneuvering of men and machines in war has always been perfect grist for the camera. "Wings" carries the panorama of war from the ground into what appears to be an infinite sky. There are some almost visionary scenes of planes engaged in attack and escape in a wilderness of clouds, of enormous clouds and great trees with little men under them. The magnascope, a device which widens the screen, making, at some intense moment, perspectives seem endless and figures hugely stereoscopic, has possibilities here disclosed only in part. Its properties could intensify landscape to such an extent that the painted drops, now so often used so dully, would never be considered feasible by any intelligent director.

Each of these four pictures recognizes in some degree both the limitations of, and the properties that are claims and demands upon, the camera. Two of them have been made by native directors; all have been photographed in America with native actors. It is to be suspected that the leaven of authentic excitement has definitely been dropped into the lump of the American motion picture industry.

LOUISE BOGAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Education for Parents

SIR: Your readers will, I think, be interested to know of a one-day conference on "Parent Education" in New York City at the Hotel Pennsylvania, Wednesday, November 2, 1927, under the auspices of the Child Study Association of America, Inc.

The morning session will be devoted to the discussion of the Family and the Foundation of Character. There will be a luncheon session, at which "The Home's Unconscious Influence on Individual Failure and Success" will be taken up. The program of the evening session is "Opportunities for Parents in Creative Citizenship."

CORA FLUSSER, Publicity Director,
Child Study Association of America.

New York City.

An Excursion to Russia

SIR: Your readers may be pleased to learn that 250 Americans interested in Russia have the opportunity to visit that country under very fortunate auspices to witness the pageants, expositions, and other entertainment arranged for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution.

The Society for Cultural Relations and the All-Russian Central Trade Union Council have invited a group of some fifty Americans to be their guests for this epochal celebration, while the Russian Travel Bureau, recently formed by the Department of Education and the government railroad, steamship and aeroplane lines, has made reservations for 200 additional American visitors at a very nominal cost, assuring good hotel and railroad accommodations, seats for the brilliant pageants, the opera, drama and *ballet russe,* as well as admission to the palaces of the former tsars and the museums, with interpreters provided if desired. The Soviet government has coöperated by removing the rigorous passport visa restrictions that have kept many Americans from visiting Russia.

The party is sailing in two groups, one on October 21, and the other on October 26. Those of your readers desiring to see the new Russia and a great historical pageant at the same time may arrange for the trip at Room 1222, 29 Broadway, New York City; telephone: Bowling Green 5353.

ALBERT F. COYLE.

New York City.

Sherwood Anderson

SIR: I enjoyed the clever skit in your issue of August 3, "Ain't Editors Funny?" and when I read the review by Lawrence S. Morris, entitled "Sherwood Anderson—Sick of Words," I found the expression, "Ain't Critics Funny?" running through my consciousness.

It seems to me that critics have much the position of preachers in the superior position from which they can issue pronouncements without being challenged. I have noticed, too, that, like preachers, critics become involved in a line of thought so attractive to them that for its development they seem perfectly willing to sell their wives and grandmothers. The little demands of plain honesty and consistency need not hold them for a moment.

I was interested in this review of "A New Testament," for I got a great thrill out of that book. The significance of the poem called "The Red Throated Black" took me, at least, deep into the rich florid region where the Negro fumbles with words, caresses them sensuously, and forces them into all sorts of strange service. I was astonished to see that Mr. Morris drags lines from this poem without giving the subject, and makes Anderson the spokesman, ignoring the implication that it is a sort of shouted Negro monologue. Then I realized that it must have been done deliberately to support the interesting theory he began to develop with his first paragraph.

It seems to me that critics, like preachers, have one saving grace. They can be good sports. They can be willing to surrender a notion, however attractive, if they see that its support involves dishonesty and meanness. I question Mr. Morris' good-sportsmanship, and I charge him with having deliberately misrepresented a quotation, just as the devil is supposed to do when he quotes Scripture.

I noticed another thing: the reviewer is cognizant of the fact that most of those poems were written years ago. I am sure that he knows many of them are contemporary with "Winesburg, Ohio," and the "Triumph of the Egg." Nevertheless, he says with dramatic effect at the very end of the article: "The author of 'Winesburg, Ohio,' is dying before our eyes." Mr. Morris must surely know "Tar," "The Notebook," "Dark Laughter," and "The Story Teller's Story," and their place in any suggestion of chronological order.

It is not for our illumination that he ignores that lusty testimony of those books in order to imply that "A New Testament," because just arranged and published (and not to his liking), an-

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nounces a sickly, decadent Anderson. If I were an acknowledged critic, instead of being a mere lover of poetry, I should have something to say about the full-blooded and powerful "Testament of An Old Man," "The Man with a Trumpet," and many other poems in this book. As it is, I should like simply to sing out to Mr. Morris, "Aw, be a good sport. Don't be mean to a creative artist and his experiments just to appear discerning and clever yourself."

CHARLES J. CONNICK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

SIR: The poem which I quoted at the end of my article on Sherwood Anderson is placed nominally in the mouth of a Negro, but anyone familiar with Anderson's other books will recognize its theme at once as a frequent one in his autobiographical writing. There is no injustice done in quoting it as applicable to himself.

Mr. Connick apparently imagines that my article rested on "A New Testament" as "proof." But an estimate of Anderson as a writer based on that book alone would be far more severe than anything I said. The gist of my article would have been the same if "A New Testament" had not appeared. I was writing with the whole series of books, from the early stories to "Tar," in mind; and I assumed that my readers would have them in mind also.

Mr. Connick's suggestion, at the end of his letter, that it is not being a "good sport" to speak frankly about a writer's work because he has done distinguished things in the past, cannot be taken seriously—unless we are going to class literature with toys.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Brookhaven, New York.

Help for India

SIR: Recent newspaper despatches have told of disastrous floods in India. Private letters have now brought full details of a colossal calamity. A fall of fifty inches of rain in four days over an area larger than Great Britain engulfed hundreds of villages, rendered over 500,000 people homeless, destroyed crops, cattle, and all means of livelihood. In Ahmedabad, Gandhi's home, over 5,000 houses were swept away and the people left destitute. Gandhi's famous school, The Ashram, was under water for days, and all the buildings have been left in a precarious condition.

A Gandhi Relief Fund is being raised by the undersigned, and appeal is herewith made to all friends of India and of India's great spiritual leader to render aid. An initial contribution of $100 is already on its way, and a steady flow of gifts is now besought. Money in any amount sent to Mr. Holmes at 12 Park Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded at once.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
HARRY F. WARD.

New York City.

"The Bismarck Myth"

SIR: Everybody should be entitled to his own opinion of Bismarck, most of all Professor Christian Gauss, for whose knowledge of German culture all informed people must entertain profound respect. There is also much in the complete and robust "Bismarck myth" which requires deflation. But it is risky for even professional historians of contemporary diplomacy to attempt an estimate of Bismarck's foreign policy without first having acquainted themselves with the contents of the *Grosse Politik*. Professor Gauss seems to have been less influenced by this great collection than by his wartime views of the Iron Chancellor. His attitude toward Bismarck can scarcely be made to square with the new documentary material or with the great study of Bismarck's foreign policy by the distinguished Dutch historian, Japikse, the only important work on the subject to have been contemplated and executed since the appearance of the *Grosse Politik*.

It would seem to be pretty well established now that it was not a continuation of Bismarck's policy, but rather its abandonment, which helped Germany toward the World War and put her, diplomatically speaking, at the mercy of the Entente. Caprivi lost Russia and failed to gain England. Hohenlohe allowed the Kruger telegram to be sent, thus starting the process of alienating England. Bülow lost the opportunity—if one really existed—for an Anglo-German alliance, and thus allowed England to be picked up by France and Russia. Bethmann-Hollweg stupidly allowed Germany to be out-maneuvered by France and Russia without gaining England. At the outbreak of the conflict he permitted military strategy to prevail over diplomatic discretion, exactly the opposite of the Bismarckian procedure in 1870. Nor was there, after Bismarck, any serious effort in Germany to prevent the development of the sharply conflicting and somewhat equally balanced groups of alliances which Bismarck had guarded against by his Reinsurance Treaties with Russia and his understandings with England.

HARRY E. BARNES.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Chances of Al Smith

SIR: Ordinarily your publication is enjoyed by myself with great avidity. But I cannot quite figure the attitude you adopt in regard to Al Smith. You seem to favor him mildly, but at the same time continually quote the fact that he has no chance of election.

You specifically state he has no chance, in the number of September 28, nor do you concede any chance to Meredith or Walsh. You might as well say that Governor Ritchie or Senator Jim Reed has no show.

Out here in the West, the outstanding candidate is Governor Al Smith, notwithstanding the fact that this is McAdoo's adopted home state. McAdoo was nominated by Senator Phelan in the last Democratic convention. During the last gubernatorial election in California, the McAdoo forces split with the Phelan element, and the consequence was a severe drubbing for McAdoo. Under the circumstances, his withdrawing from the presidential race was not animated by martyrly motives for the sake of the party.

What I am getting at is the fact that, if all liberal publications assumed the same idea: that Governor Smith had no chance, the result would be most unfavorable to one of the most liberal candidates who has a good chance.

During the last presidential election, you conceded a good chance to La Follette, and he was at no time as popular as Smith, in my estimation. I voted for La Follette, as I will vote for any liberal candidate, and Smith seems to be the man at present, unless Hoover is nominated.

One thing you must bear in mind is that California is primarily a Republican state, but voted in favor of Wilson upon both of his elections. While the northern part of the state was strong for La Follette in the last presidential election.

Therefore I cannot see where you are giving the outstanding liberal candidate at the present time an even break in your columns.

A. KILBERG.

San Francisco, California.

Harland Letters Wanted

SIR: I am interested in obtaining either the originals or copies of as many as possible of the letters of the late Henry Harland, editor of "The Yellow Book" and author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." I should like to use these letters in the completion of a definitive biography of Mr. Harland on which I am now at work. The coöperation of any readers of the New Republic who may have known Mr. Harland or who may possess his letters will be gratefully received. Communications may be addressed to me at the College of the City of New York, One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth Street and Convent Avenue.

DONALD A. ROBERTS.

New York City.

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A Death in the Desert

Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

SOME years ago Miss Cather, in "My Antonia," wrote a book which, as a straightforward record of experience, stands out in the mass of fiction which gathers about the advancing frontier and the conquest of the soil, an unquestionable masterpiece. In "Death Comes for the Archbishop," she has returned to this type of simple, unaffected narrative of a human life, and again has produced a book which will remain an American classic. It might be thought that in exchanging the Nebraska prairies, the place of her own childhood, which made the background of "My Antonia," for the desert of New Mexico, which she could have known only as a visitor, Miss Cather had sacrificed the immediate contact and life-giving connection with her theme which is the source of creation. This does not seem to be true. Miss Cather has entered fully into her background. She has lived into her New Mexican environment until the desert land, scarred by canyons and arroyos and swelling into mesas, with its people Mexican, Navajo, Hopi, are substantial to her as they became to the Archbishop. He was a stranger, a missionary. The experience through which he found his straying flock in their desert pasture can be best appreciated by another stranger. The character of the Archbishop remains a little remote and unapproachable, with something serene and ineffable about it, the true note of sainthood. Miss Cather does not try to enter into this mystery by the help of psychological analysis—she is content to present the Archbishop as he appeared to those about him, recalling with loving skill the lines of a noble presence, divining with delicate intuition his movements and words. After all, the careers of the Archbishop and his missionary coadjutor, Father Joseph, belong to America of only fifty years ago. One remembers this nearness with an effort. As he reads, he seems to be with the companions of St. Francis among the hills of Assisi, or with St. Francis Xavier on the shores of Japan.

The story so beautifully told is that of Jean Marie Latour, bishop of the vast tract which the United States acquired from Mexico in the last century by conquest and purchase. While a youth in the seminary of Montferrand, at Clermont, he and his friend Joseph Vaillant heard from the Bishop of Ohio the call to go overseas, to the new nation growing up between the Great Lakes and the Gulf; and early one morning, to forestall opposition by their families, the young men took the diligence for Paris, whence, after some weeks of preparation, they sailed for America. For ten years they labored in Ohio, and then, when the annexation of New Mexico made necessary the separation of its missions from the diocese of Durango, Father Latour was consecrated its first bishop, and Father Joseph was sent with him as his vicar. There followed years of missionary labor, of horseback journeys measured by thousands of miles, of struggles with the Mexican clergy, who, subject to a far-away bishop, had fallen into sloth and corruption, of reawakening faith in little communities and isolated families, of visits to the Indians in their pueblos and glimpses of their tribal mysteries and ceremonies to which the true religion was obliged to accommodate itself, of the planting of gardens and the founding of schools, and finally, the building of the cathedral of Santa Fe by a French architect whom the bishop brought to build a Romanesque church, similar to those which he had known in his boyhood among the hills of Auvergne.

The Bishop and his vicar illustrate the contrast, become traditional, between idealist and realist. Father Latour was of gentle birth and culture, a student and a philosopher, careful in habit and exquisite in manner. He gave himself to the discomforts of his missionary life with joy, but with effort. Father Joseph was the son of a baker, a true child of the French bourgeoisie, with a practical genius, a vast curiosity about people and a love for them. He threw himself into dangers and hardships because he enjoyed them. When they were on a journey together and a new passenger forced his way into the already crowded stage coach, Father Latour, repressing his irritation, would notice that Father Joseph took on new animation at the sight of another human being. Father Latour was abstemious; he could not help feeling the grossness of Father Joseph's fondness for the table—and yet he recognized the miracle by which food and wine were immediately converted into spiritual energy. The two men so different were necessary to each other, and the account of their brotherly companionship is full of charm. They were separated at length by duty. When the gold rush to the mining camps of Colorado opened a new and trying missionary field, the Bishop sent his friend to work in it. There Joseph Vaillant surpassed himself in the service of humanity and the Church. When he died, the first Bishop of Colorado, no building in Denver could hold the multitude that came to his funeral.

Miss Cather tells her story not with the directness of a chronicle, but with an interlacing of theme, a shifting of material, which breaks the flat surface of the narrative into facets from which the light is variously reflected. At times one sees into a past far behind the contemporary record, for this land had had three centuries of history before the coming of the French priests. There were the conquistadores, and the Franciscans who founded the first missions and were wiped out in martyrdom in the revolt of the seventeenth century. Stories of this earlier age of faith survive in Miss Cather's book, like the Flowers of St. Francis. Interspersed also are reflections of Father Latour, always so wise and so pointed. When traveling with the Navajo Eusabio he notices that his guide is careful to obliterate every trace of their passage through the desert.

> Father Latour judged that just as it was the white man's way to assert himself in any landscape, to change it, to make it over a little (at least to leave some mark or memorial of his sojourn), it was the Indian's way to pass through a country without disturbing anything; to pass and leave no trace, like fish through the water, or birds through the air. . . . It was as if the great country were asleep, and they wished to carry on their lives without awakening it; or as if the spirits of earth and air and water were things not to antagonize and arouse. When they hunted it was with the same discretion; an Indian hunt was never a slaughter. They ravaged neither the rivers nor the forest, and if they irrigated, they took as little water as would serve their needs. The land and all that it bore they treated with consideration; not attempting to improve it, they never desecrated it.

How pertinent is the Bishop's observation to our eager, lavish race which ravages the soil which the Indians treated so reverently! And how finely perceptive is his discrimination of the appeal of the frontier, which kept him in New Mexico, when he might have returned to Auvergne.

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> He had noticed that the peculiar quality in the air of new countries vanished after they were tamed by man and made to bear harvests. Parts of Texas and Kansas, that he had first known as open range, had since been made into rich farming districts, and the air had quite lost that lightness, that dry aromatic odor. The moisture of plowed land, the heaviness of labor and growth and grain bearing, utterly destroyed it; one could breathe that only on the bright edges of the world, on the great grass plains or the sage-brush desert.

Miss Cather has recaptured for America an aspect of its history, in this story of the Church, venerable and rich in tradition, becoming primitive amid pioneer conditions, among childlike people, in the piety of its missionary saints. It is not a tragic or a pathetic tale, but one full of happiness and triumph; and yet it moves one to tears, by the picture of such goodness and beauty seen through the medium of a faultless art.

R. M. L.

Sons of the "Grim Stepmother"

The Light of Experience, by Sir Francis Younghusband. K. C. S. I., K. C. I. E. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 305 pages. $4.

India's Past: A Survey of her Literatures, Religions, Languages and Antiquities, by A. A. Macdonnell. New York: Oxford University Press. 293 pages. $3.75.

A Pageant of India, by Adolph Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 556 pages. $6.

Flowers and Elephants, by Constance Sitwell. Foreword by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 157 pages. $1.75.

GREATNESS, in men of action, comes often so close to innocence that they can hardly escape the charge of hypocrisy. Sir Francis Younghusband, who has surely been among the great "empire-builders" of Britain, looks back over a life of perilous adventures on behalf of British expansion. He has threaded unknown passes in the Himalayas, fought the Tibetans to the very sanctum of the Potala, frightened bewildered hill tribes, challenged the Russians, dissected the military possibilities of the Chinese, written about South Africa for the Times, criticized government when government was not intelligently firm. He looks back on all this and in "the light of experience," he sees "sweetness" as the chief character of the apotheosis toward which all British civilization moves. Sir Francis has devoted his later years to philosophizing, however. He is aware of the duality in his own ideal. "But if this maturity of sweetness is to be produced it must spring from that blend of hardihood and tenderness that our greatest men have always shown."

The amazing thing about such a man, the truth which must be grasped if the British empire-builders are to be at all understood, is that he really does believe in chivalry. Dominate—with a gentle air. Conquer—but be polite about it. Take on the government of as much of the world as can be gathered in your hands—but govern like a wise uncle.

The men in Downing Street may be subtle as Merlin or generous as Arthur. No matter—the perfect gentle knight in the far Himalayas is Sir Percival, and has visions of the Holy Grail. This is not hypocrisy; it is naïveté and the strength of a conquering race.

The Grail came, in time, to overshadow the Cause in the mind of Sir Francis Younghusband. Nature, not the gropings of man, suggested God to him in India; he was always the Christian gentleman in the loneliest places. He went home, joined numerous learned societies, bearded Cantab metaphysicians in their dens and demanded a downright answer to the question, "whether we were entirely guided and controlled by an outside God, a separate Being altogether from ourselves or whether we were impelled by an inherent spirit." The intrepid explorer says that while he begged for studied wisdom he "felt a perfect child." The reader's smile dies; such simplicity is awe-inspiring. There is only a very slight suspicion that the perfect gentle knight may himself have a trace of Merlin and that this is a whicker of the two-edged sword of irony.

One's faith in the straightness of his mind is restored by the judgment that the "most spiritual of our heroes" was Nelson. The test comes directly when exploration after God is interrupted by a war. "Now, maintaining and raising the spirit of the country during the war was of *supreme* importance." His own italics show his mood. "So I founded a Society which I named 'The Fight for Right.'" The duality of a sweet smile and a bright sword is perfectly balanced. The Fight for Right being won, the sword is sheathed and the search for the Grail goes on. "A religious genius of our own—is what the light of experience shows me it should be the ambition of England to produce. Our special contribution to the world should be one who can instill a divine sweetness into mankind."

In contrast, Professor Macdonnell's book does not represent the amateur spirit. To the Oxford Sanskrit scholar, India is a different sort of possession. Some parts of his finished and comprehensive survey of India's culture are too crowded for steady reading, but it all has authority, and is full of fruitful suggestions for further study.

Professor Macdonnell shows, for instance, that Buddhism, although it lost identity as a religion in India, was the source of most of what we know as Hindu art. The creative urge which Buddhism brought to alien civilizations, to the Chinese and even more notably to the Japanese, was effective also in its birthplace. Hindu temples are nearly all comparatively modern, the oldest going back only to the sixth century A. D., the best of them not older than the thirteenth. The earliest Hindu architecture and sculpture are practically indistinguishable from Buddhist work of the same period. As Buddhism was absorbed, its impulse toward plastic art was also absorbed by the more comprehensive creeds. Professor Macdonnell makes the further extremely interesting and probably original suggestion that differences between northern and southern styles are due to a tendency in the north to build on the model of the Buddhist relic-monument, while the south developed the Buddhist monastery style. The Indo-Aryan temple is an evolved *stupa;* the Hindu-Dravidian is an evolved *vihara.*

In such a manual there is, unfortunately, not much scope for these speculations. Some of the brief syntheses possible within narrow limits are constructed in philological fashion. Bridges of logic are followed which only the airy confidence of the philologist would consider trustworthy support. Racial moods, such as "melancholy and pessimism" in post-Vedic literature, are attributed to such causes as the acceptance of pessimistic doctrines of transmigration and *karma.* A less "literary" view might attribute both mood and doctrine to climatic and sociological influences. How-

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ever, Professor Macdonnell has immense knowledge and a deep affection for the complex richness of Indian literature, and he is an enthusiastic guide.

Mr. Waley's "Pageant of India" is disappointing. History, from the beginnings to the death of Aurangzeb, the last Great Mogul, is related in scrappy annals, overloaded with names of places and princes, quite without the emphatic proportions or the imagination which might make it live again. The narrative broadens out somewhat in the latter half, with the arrival on the scene of Babur and his line, but even here Mr. Waley's abstractions do not evoke our responsive wonder. The real pageant of India remains still to be created. It will take a man like Gibbon to do it, and Gibbon's opportunity was no greater than this.

In his foreword to Mrs. Sitwell's little book, Mr. Forster says it "is not a young lady's portfolio of travel sketches. Still less is it a love story." Nor, one might add, is it India. The young woman who tells here of her experiences among elephants and flowers and Anglo-Indians (one reader hardly knows whether she is real or imaginary) was shrinking from the colorful and emotionally charged facts which pressed upon her, seeking something ineffable and possibly non-existent. Mr. Forster thinks she sought Platonic reality. The last sentence in the book confirms his guess. "I shall find them again, the flowers and jungles and innocent huge beasts. I shall find them where the pattern of these things eternally dwells."

It is difficult to do more than hint at the quality of these intangible lyric paragraphs of subjective responses. Perhaps the place the work deserves in the literature of India could be best fixed by saying that Mrs. Sitwell has, in fine poetic grace and a questioning after the spirit behind appearances, just the impressibility which some books of "facts"—like Katherine Mayo's recent indictment, for example—lack and suffer for the lack of. It throws out suggestions of surprising validity, although it retreats from their implications and leaves mostly a memory of poetic tremulousness.

LYMAN BRYSON.

New Poems by Joyce

Pomes Penyeach, by James Joyce. Paris: Shakespeare and Company. $.40.

THIS little book, hardly four inches by five, contains thirteen new poems by James Joyce. Like the poems in "Chamber Music," they are all brief lyrics, but they are much better than any but one or two in the earlier book. The pieces in "Chamber Music" aimed at the music, the lightness and the perfection of Elizabethan songs, and they derived somewhat, at the same time, from the contemporary Irish poetry of A. E. and Yeats. I have been told by another Irish poet who knew Joyce in his Dublin days that two of Joyce's favorite poems—poems which he loved to repeat—are:

> Have you seen but a bright lily grow
> Before rude hands have touched it?

and the song from Shelley's "Cenci" which begins,

> False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
> When my life is laid to sleep?

And Yeats's song, "Who will drive with Fergus now"—which figures as one of the themes of the opening episode of "Ulysses," is in the same way characteristic of his taste.

These liquid snatches of song in two or three fleeting stanzas seem all that Joyce has ever cared to write in verse; and, as a result, his range is not wide: he has only one or two notes. It is interesting to see that, among these later poems, there is one—"Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba"—which still seems unmistakably haunted by the lovely plaintive echo of Shelley's "O World! O Life! O Time!" Joyce thus, however, attempts something which is difficult and rare and, if he publishes but little verse, it is because he knows that it is so. A success in this field, where the short lyric, with something of the completeness of epigram, must border on the vagueness of music and carry some poignant feeling, always has somewhat the air of a miracle. Only the Shelleys and the Yeatses can do it—and they not often. In these thirteen new poems, Joyce has outgrown the imitation of his early masters and caused their influences to contribute to a kind of lyric unmistakably original and with far more color and complexity than the songs in "Chamber Music." There is not much of it, but it is real poetry—perhaps some of the purest of our time—and a single strain of its music is enough to strike dumb whole volumes which we may previously have pretended to take seriously.

> Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
> Where my dark lover lies,
> Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
> At grey moonrise.
>
> Love, hear thou
> How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
> Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
> Then as now.
>
> Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
> As his sad heart has lain
> Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
> And muttering rain.

E. W.

The Architect of Italy

Cavour, by Maurice Paléologue. Translated by I. F. D. and M. M. Morrow. New York: Harper and Brothers. 307 pages. $6.

I HAVE been trying for some time to resolve the problem whether the inane and misleading statements on the jackets of books are due to the imbecility of the publishers or to the publishers' belief in the imbecility of purchasers. Aside from the vulgarly cheap hyperbole which defeats its own ends and now deceives no one, the jacket comment has come frequently to give an entirely false impression of the real nature of the book which it protects from dust and exposes to scorn. In this case, the jacket informs us that this study by Paléologue, French ambassador to Russia and a life-long diplomat, is "an intimate study in the modern style of a great statesman and an intriguing personality." "An intimate study in the modern style" is apt to carry the implication that we are to view the statesman in undress, cast leering glances at his lower qualities, and perhaps follow him in the intimacy of his amours. The translators, in their introduction, have been almost equally guilty. They say that "with one exception, and that a work written primarily for the scholar and professional historian, the present volume is *the first* [italics mine] in which an attempt has been made to portray the

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lineaments of the *man* as well as the statesman." As neither author nor translators make any reference to the labors of preceding men, one cannot be sure to which "exception" the translators refer, but, without speaking of Italian lives, that by Roscoe Thayer, in two volumes, is a far more complete and satisfying piece of personal biography than is this present one. The fact is that M. Paléologue has been betrayed by both his publishers and translators.

What the author has done, and what, owing to his wide knowledge and long diplomatic experience, he was eminently fitted to do, has been to write a brilliant and illuminating account of Cavour's foreign policy and of the creation of unified Italy. There are only occasional side glances at Cavour's personal life, and little that is intimate. We are told, what we all knew, that Cavour was fond of women and had many intrigues with them, but who they were, and what their influence was on the hidden springs of his intellectual and emotional life are not touched upon. Indeed, there is scarcely anything of his personal life, disconnected from his public, in the volume. It is a study in statecraft and international politics. To a great extent, Cavour's private life was but the sediment, so to speak, of his public one. He was a statesman before he was a man, and, as Paléologue says in his concluding sentence: "in the supreme hierarchy of statesmen none transcends him."

Many workmen took part in the creation of the Italian state, but Cavour was the architect, the designer. It is from his life as a center that we can best survey the process, and it is this standpoint that the author takes. We are not led by him to Cavour to look inward at his life, but outward at his achievement. If Cavour was the architect of the new nation, there was another man who, so to say, supplied the funds for the building. Cavour could never have built united Italy without the aid of Napoleon III, and M. Paléologue's interest in his strange personality is intense. There are stretches of the volume, of many pages each, in which the impression given is that we are reading a biography of Napoleon and not of Cavour. In fact, Cavour disappears, and I think there is no doubt that the author has succeeded far better with his secondary than with his primary character. Even at the end of the book, Cavour remains more or less wooden, a puller of strings, a lay figure to hang events upon, rather than a living personality, whereas Napoleon twists and squirms his tortuous way through all his self-made difficulties, a breathing, living, if somewhat despicable, man. These two alternately hold the center of the stage. The book is, to a great extent, the story of their relations, but although M. Paléologue has entered into the very soul of Napoleon, one feels that he does not understand his Italians, and that, as soon as he crosses the frontier, his interest becomes political, not personal. His penetration of the Napoleonic psychology is profound. His admiration of Cavour's diplomacy is unstinted. But his understanding of the Italian character is very limited. For example, for Garibaldi he has no analysis, only epithets, such as "imbecile," "uncouth paladin," "red-shirted demagogue." This fish-wife method of character-drawing is unworthy of M. Paléologue.

In a word, the book is disappointing as a biography of Cavour, and the reader had better go back to Thayer. As a study of the international politics which made united Italy possible, it is excellent. As a study of Napoleon III, it is a little masterpiece. All of which is as far removed as possible from the dictum on the cover.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Recent Fiction

A Prince of Outlaws (Prince Serébryany), by Count Alexis K. Tolstoy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

WE are all fond of hasty classifications. For most of us, the French still remain "a gay people, fond of dancing and light wines." In the same fashion, Russian novels are assumed to be uniformly somber and introspective, written, every one, in the mode of Dostoyevsky and "Anna Karenina." But now a reprint of an historical romance by the cousin of Leo Tolstoy has appeared to rebuke our glibness. It is a tale of lusty adventure, far removed from morbidity, in the days of Ivan the Terrible—when the nobility joined with lawless ruffians of the forest in a revolt against the oppression of the Tsar's secret police. The hero is a certain Prince Serébryany, an uncomfortably flawless being, who is thrown into chains for his frankness, twice escapes the malevolence of the Tsar, and at last turns outlaw in self-protection. There are battles and banquets, midnight raids and bloody executions, and, for those of gentler tastes, there is a shadowy heroine to inspire Prince Serébryany—the same pure and lovely girl whom one usually meets in novels of this genre. It is the genre, after all, with which one must quarrel. Undoubtedly the book is an excellent picture of the atrocities which occurred in the second half of the sixteenth century and of the ensuing struggle for liberty. Undoubtedly it is exciting. But, unless one has a confirmed preference for the manner of Scott and Dumas, whose works "A Prince of Outlaws" cannot seriously rival, one will probably decide that the more usual type of Russian novel is best.

E. H. W.

Now East, Now West, by Susan Ertz. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

SUSAN ERTZ is a surprising person. Her latest story, that of an ordinary young American couple who are temporarily transplanted to England and whose whole scale of values is subtly altered there, starts out tepidly enough. Imperceptibly, however, one is captured by a quiet, insinuating charm which distinguishes all her books. In "Now East, Now West," she creates sympathetically the character of George Goodall, a candid, likable person who is more perceptive than his shallow wife imagines. While Althea is rejoicing in the glamorous companionship of the English aristocracy, George is learning from a wise and cultivated woman of fifty that there are adventures of the spirit which he had never encountered in America. The change in his outlook is very delicately handled, and it is unfortunate that Miss Ertz is not equally successful with Althea, who returns home somewhat battered and disillusioned from a love affair which proved to be only an episode.

E. H. W.

The House Made with Hands, by the author of This Day's Madness. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

WHEN "This Day's Madness" and "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" appeared in America, wonder was expressed as to the reason why the author should wish to remain anonymous. There were no clues to be gotten from either of the novels, as they were professedly not autobiographical. But at least one could get a thrill from speculating about the terrible family skeleton which evidently had to be concealed in the closet of anonymity.

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Now that "The House Made with Hands," a frankly autobiographical novel, has reached America, one must confess to a disappointment. Evidently there is nothing worse in "Babette's" life than an amour with the roomy country house in which she spent her childhood—a passion that she is on the point of resigning when the book ends, in favor of a more fleshly lover: an elderly bachelor of the variety that acquires a lifelong nickname, to wit, Julius Cæsar. But until Babette reaches her emotional majority, we are obliged to experience with her the first excursion beyond the garden wall, her first case of measles, her first ball, etc. One suspects that she kept a conscientious but tedious diary. If the author has nothing worse to confess, she might as well resign the pretentious veil of anonymity. Perhaps the most incriminating situation in the whole book is the scene in the garden, where Julius Cæsar "stooped to the hand on his arm and lightly touched it with his lips." G. D.

The Drums of Panic, by Martin Feinstein. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.

IN its expansion the modern novel has annexed to itself fertile provinces from poetry and psycho-pathology. But much debatable territory has been acquired, and some of it, like the novel under review, irreclaimable waste-land. "Drums of Panic" is the story of Edsel Gaunt, a soldier who has returned from France to a farm in the West, having acquired *en route* an impressive, but undefined neurosis. He has "a presentiment of catastrophe . . . a fear that worlds would crash . . . gates would melt . . . goblins would vanish"—all of which he seems to understand far better than the author and the reader ever do. For he proceeds to seduce his brother's wife, converse with the moon, set fire to the forest, and lie all night at the foot of a pine tree with the village Ophelia. Heroic measures all, but somehow they fail to convince one, even of his insanity. One is also not quite certain whether the brittle Maeterlinckian ring of the dialogue is due to deliberate artifice on the part of the author, or to mere ineptness in the handling. The story falls between two stools. It has neither the sharp outlines of poetry, nor the casual minutiæ which every novelist must pile up as evidence, before he can convict his characters of being real. Neither is the author psychologically equipped to follow the abnormal escapades of his hero. Mr. Feinstein has evinced some ability as a poet. Through the microphone of poetry, he might have broadcast his enigmatic utterances without confusing us with faces and gestures. But in fiction characters once created have certain rights, which even their creator must respect. G. D.

Contributors

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